Stories of Old Ireland and Myself

Sir William Orpen, R.A.

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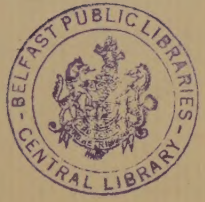
Frontispiece.]

MY FATHER AND MOTHER.

STORIES OF OLD IRELAND & MYSELF

BY

SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.



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PREFACE

I HAVE tried to write some little stories about Ireland as I knew her, but I want it to be understood that these tales are mostly about the times when I lived there long, long ago, before the Great War and the Rebellion and all the other things that have happened to her since. These are mostly of old Ireland, that Romantic Lady who slumbered and dreamt her way along to the music of the laughter and tears of her people. I suspect she has changed now. The whole atmosphere must be different. I hardly know if that wonderful old lady Granuaile still weeps over her sorrows, but I expect even now she must surely let a few drops fall occasionally. It is difficult to give up the habit of centuries in a moment, so I pray she can still spare one drop or two even for me, and I wish to write my stories with laughter and a sprinkling of tears, but without malice or any uncharitableness to herself or the Sassenachs.

W. O.

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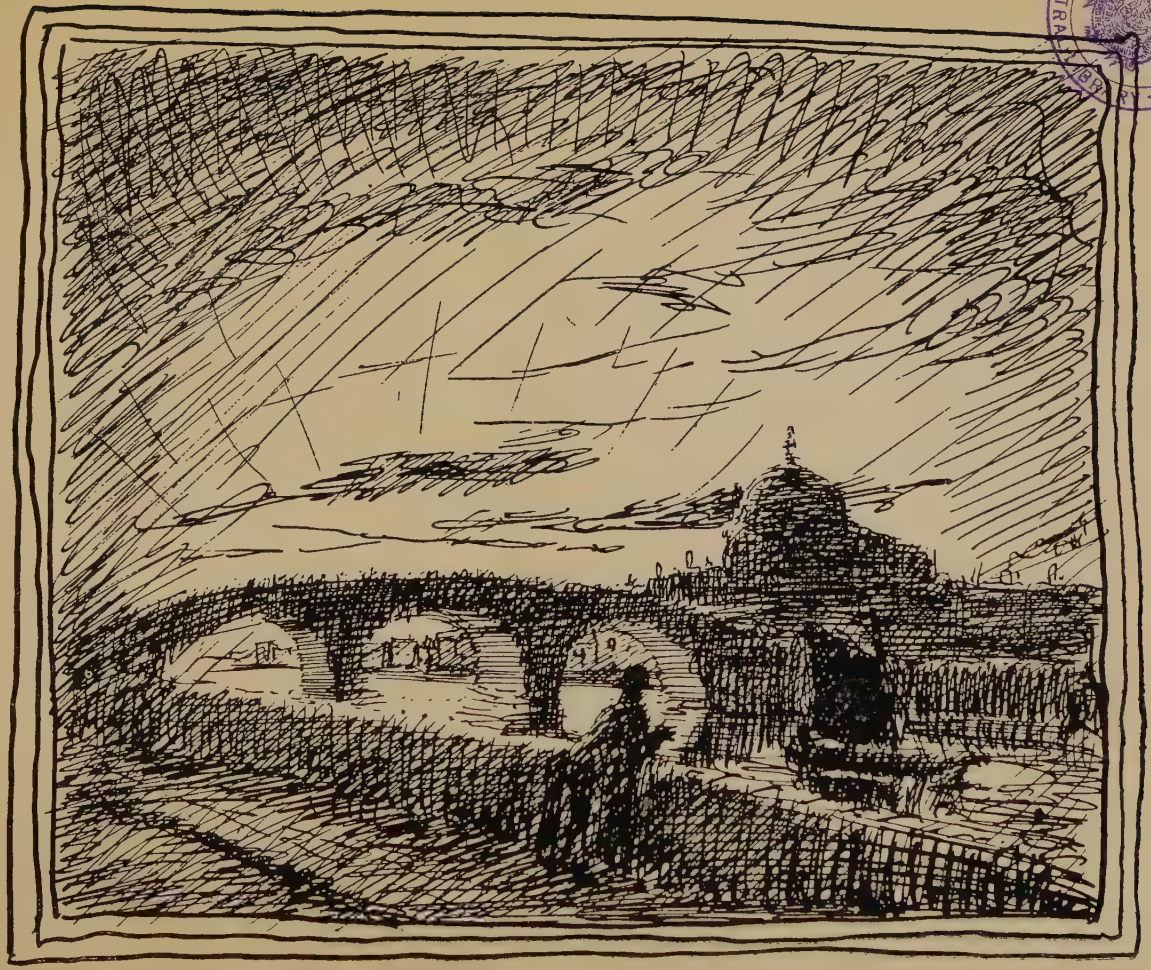

LOOKING UP THE LIFFEY.

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STORIES OF OLD IRELAND AND MYSELF

CHAPTER I

HAVE you ever been to Ireland, reader? Have you walked her Four Roads and the Plains of Meath? Have you struggled along the rocky road to Dublin?

"Jip, Jip, my little horse,
Jip, Jip, again, sir.
How many miles to Dublin Town?
Threescore and ten, sir."

"I love to hear those old, old songs,
With their old-fashioned melody;
For of all the songs, the sweetest seem to be
The songs my mother sang to me."

Do you know that old tune? It was written by an Irishman who had left his country.

Have you stood on O'Connell's Bridge and watched the sunset up the Liffey? No sunset by Claude or Turner can compare with it. Have you been to the Brazen

Head by the river, and sat in Robert Emmet's chair, and had your pint, and dreamt dreams? Have you ever crossed the park at night, and gone to the long, low room in Rahill's pub at Blanchardstown, lit by one oil lamp, and sat with the boys on a barrel of porter, and talked of strange things, things that made you wonder a lot, and then shambled out into the black night, stumbling and wondering still more? There had been a lot of laughter, and yet you were sad—all the laughter seemed mixed with tears. John Synge expressed this feeling, and he alone, God rest his soul! It was Ireland! laughter, tears, and wondering, with just a teeny, weeny bit of stumbling.

Crossing from Holyhead to Kingstown, there is always a thrill for an Irishman when he catches sight of St Patrick's Isle; but sometimes only one of relief, for instance, when passing the Kish Lightship in a howling gale, and he first sees the blurred lines of the mountains in the grey dawn. Another time dawn over Dublin Bay is a wonderful sight. One wishes to stop the boat and watch this splendour, changing from one beauty to another, the sun touching the hilltops, its rays coming lower and lower, till the spire of Kingstown Church itself is caught by the glory of it. Or arriving in the afternoon with the sun behind the hills, that long irregular line from Bray Head to Hell Fire Club, the bay a mass of sparkling diamonds, and on the right Dublin steeped in a haze of purple mist!

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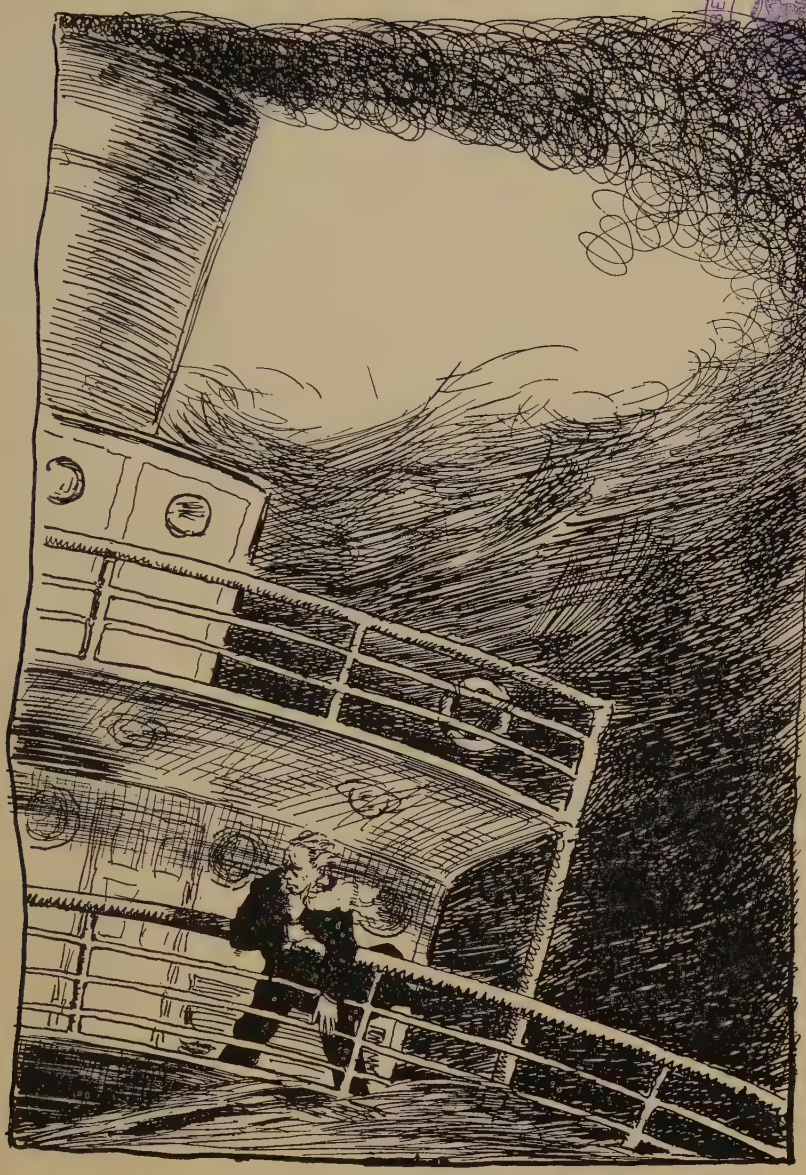


P. 2. HOWTH IN SIGHT.

One could travel to many corners of the world before finding such pure beauty. Yet with it always a feeling of sadness, a calm, overpowering sadness, a sadness one cannot explain. It must come from the tears of those who loved the Green Island, the tears of Granuaile, Emmet, Davitt, Parnell, and all those great souls who suffered much in her cause because of their love for her.

Just now as I was writing about wishing to stop the boat, I remembered a story of much later years. Oliver Gogarty and George Moore were travelling in a train out Dundalk way. Moore was holding forth about the beauties of nature, Nathaniel Hone's pictures, and so on, when suddenly he cried out, "Look quick, Gogarty! Isn't that view superb, now? I would give pounds to be able to see it for just a few minutes." "Right," said Oliver; "you'll have your wish, Moore." He pulled the communication cord and the train stopped. This story went no further, but I have often wondered since if Moore paid the five pounds fine or not!

CHAPTER II

The view looking towards the mainland in the evening, from the top of the Hill of Howth, is wonderful and ever-changing. From Wicklow Head away off to the south, the chain of hills and mountains swing round in modulating curves right up to near the city itself: Bray Head, the Big Sugar Loaf, Little Sugar Loaf, the Scalp, Ballychorus, the Three Rock, the Two Rock, with Jouse Mountain and Featherbed peeping over from the far side of the Black Valley, and on the right, Hell Fire Club on top of the hill. What strange names these places round Dublin have—Polpecure, Scourthaune, Bougaune, Sally's Gap, the Sweep's Pit, Pancake, Hangman's Shore, Step-a-Side, and the Square Cobs of Castle Kelly.

Of an evening, as the sun dips, the water of the bay becomes brilliant gold, or if there is any mist, the siren at the Bull starts its weird octave and "boom," and the "moaning" buoy off the Bailey Light utters its sad depressing groans. Or if the night is fine, the lights all along the shore, from Bray Head to Dublin, begin to twinkle. And the Sheerwater gulls start their laughter, like a bunch of

P. 4. AFTERNOON, DUBLIN BAY.

young girls at the side of a road laughing at the passers-by. Ireland! romance, laughter, and tears!

I remember once, two or three of us children had climbed high up a chestnut tree near the gate of our home. A very broken-down old tramp was passing painfully along the road, but he stopped when he heard our laughter, and at last detected where we were above him. "Ah, children," said he, "I would like to be up there with you!" We laughed still more at the idea of this old man climbing a tree. And one of us said, "What on earth, old man, do you want to come up here for?" To which he replied, "Wouldn't I be nearer to heaven?" And away he moved again on his weary tramp of the roads. But we were very quiet for a bit after what he said. "Nearer, my God, to Thee." That fine old hymn must have come to our childish minds.

It was pleasant in later times to stroll up to the Phœnix Park of a summer evening, and turn away to the left, at the Gough Statue, and go along the walk where one can look down on the river, and Chapelizod, and see Tim Healy's Red House, the one he used to add to himself, putting up a few bricks with his own hands every fine evening after his day's work in the Courts. It was out here in the warm weather that the young ladies of Dublin would come in the evenings with their "boys," along this road, and all about the Furry Glen, round the Knockmaroon Gate,

and away down the River Road to the Strawberry Beds, crowds of them. Great courting used to take place, and high chivalry could be seen under the summer moon. And was it not here that lately Oliver Gogarty swam the river when he escaped from the "lads"?

I can remember things happening in Ireland ever since I was a very young child. I remember the Phœnix Park murders and the terror they brought to me. I had not realised what murder and sudden death meant before.

The murderers, Brady, "Skin the Goat," and "Tim Kelly the Youth."

> "For in his bloom
> He met his doom—
> Tim Kelly's early grave."

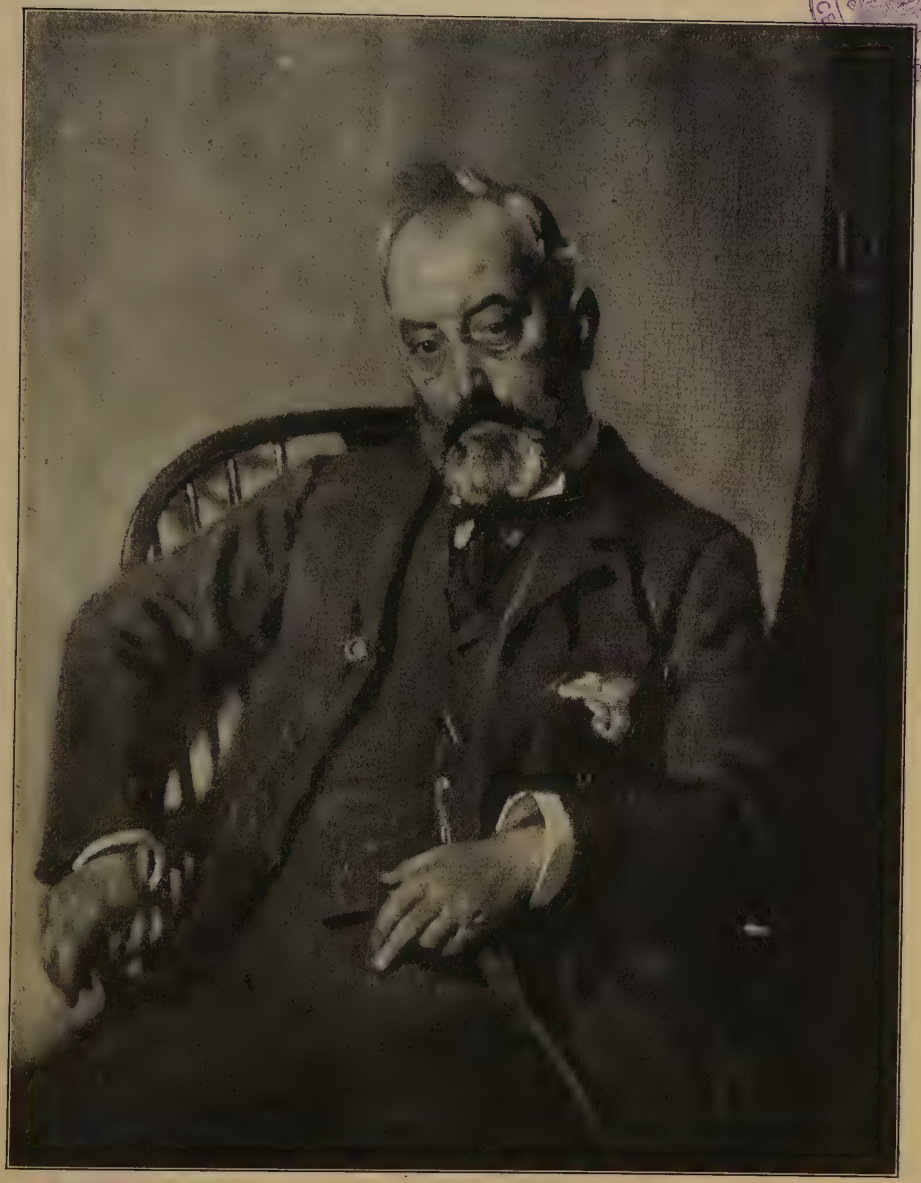
And how they drove away on the outside car, after the murders, through the Castlenock Gate.

And "Buckshot" Foster.

> "Parnell for ever O.
> Buckshot the beggar O—
> Take him to the slaughter yard
> And hang him up for leather O."

And the arrest of Parnell from brave Morrison's Hotel when he tried to escape by the yard. And the Parnell Commission.

Also Richard Pigott, who used to swim in Kingstown



MR TIMOTHY HEALY
THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF IRELAND.

P. 6.

Harbour every morning—a nice, quiet, kind old gentleman with a white beard. He who did the forgeries and, as far as I remember, ran away and shot himself somewhere across the sea—in Spain, I think.

The treatment of Parnell at this time, and later, is surely a thing of which England and Ireland each ought to be ashamed. Even some of the men he made turned against him in his dark days.

I was brought up on "The Irish Question"; but what the Irish Question was I have no idea. (I wonder if anybody has!) From my memory of those times I should think there must have been thousands and thousands of "Irish Questions."

Even now as I write strange words come back to me. I don't know now what half of them mean—I most likely never did—but I must have heard them so often, long, long ago, that they are firmly planted in my brain. I imagine this planting must have taken place mostly as I sat watching my father and brothers eating their dinner and listening to their talk. Such words as "The Home Rule Bill," "The Kilmainham Treaty," "Moonlighters," "The Agrarian Crimes," "Boycott," "No Rent Movement," "Land Purchase Bill," "Congested Districts Board," "The United Irish League," "The Town Tenants Act," "Evicted Tenants Act," "Irish Reform Association," "The Irish Church Act," "The Fixity of Tenure," "The Dunraven Treaty," "The Land

Commission," "Cattle Driving," "Urban" and "Rural District Councils."

It seems to me wonderful how all these things were run. Leagues, Associations, Boards, Acts, Bills, Treaties, Departments, Commissions, Organisations, Societies, and Councils — they must have been most expensive things! They must have cost the people a terrible amount of money to keep them all going, considering the thousands and tens of thousands of officials they meant. But that was the method at that time for relieving distress in that most distressful of countries. Nor were all the officials natives of the Green Island. No, sir, not by a long chalk.

Then we had the Fenian bands and their followers walking the country roads and through the villages on Sunday afternoons, swearing death to the Sassenachs, and shocking the sedate Protestants by the breaking of the Sabbath. The feeling at that time (the early eighties) was very heated between Protestants and Roman Catholics—"Protestant Dogs" and "Catholic Cats."

Near the home of my childhood there was, and still is, a convalescent home run by Sisters of Mercy. I remember well one day that a Sister came over and told my mother that a Cardinal was going to visit them. Would my mother lend them any silver teapots and such-like things she had for the occasion—they wished to make a "show," and this of

P. 8. HOWTH HARBOUR.

course my mother did. But a lot of "Dogs" (mostly female) criticised her severely for lending anything to the "Cats." In after years all this distressing ill-feeling departed, until it was revived again before the war by Ulster being allowed to arm. This was surely the greatest mistake that was ever allowed to happen in this much mistaken country.

I was living at Howth when the first arms for Southern Ireland were landed. It was on a Sunday afternoon that the great "gun-running at Howth" took place—a lovely, fine afternoon it was.

I have never been able to understand why, if Ulster was allowed to arm, the South couldn't do the same. However, that's the way it was. There was great excitement when the little boat came into Howth Harbour in the afternoon sunlight. The news quickly spread to Dublin, about nine miles away, and troops were ordered out to march on Howth. They met the lads with the guns on their way back to Dublin, on the road by Raheny, and they all cleverly ran off into the fields on either side of the road and hid their guns. So the troops faced about and marched back to Dublin, where they were followed by a crowd of people, and as they were going along the quays a terrible thing happened. Some boys up a side street threw stones at them, and, before anyone could think, an order to fire was given, and a volley went off into the

crowd. It was very sad, and made much bad feeling against the British in Dublin at that time. If I remember rightly, the K.O.S.B.'s were confined, for their safety, to barracks for a bit.

A story called "The Belfast Child" that was told about 1913–14 shows how all this feeling was worked up again. It is of two Belfast women talking together. One is expressing her sorrow for the other, as she had just lost her little son, aged six years. The bereaved mother replied, "Aye, but it was a beautiful death, a beautiful death. There he was, lying in his wee cot, and he stretched out his two wee arms to me and said, 'Mither, bring me me wee sash.' I brought him his wee sash, and he wrept it round his wee body, then said he, 'Mither, bring me me wee drum.' I brought him his wee drum, and he gave a couple of wee knocks on the wee drum, then he turned his face to the wall and said, 'To hell with the Pope,' and the good Lord took him to Himself. Aye, it was a beautiful death."

I have told this story to many people who believed in the rights of Ulster; they never even smiled, but said, "Aye, it was; that is the spirit we want"!

THE RT. REV. J. H. MAHAFFY, D.D.

CHAPTER III

TRINITY COLLEGE was a great seat of learning in those days. Hadn't it J. H. Mahaffy and Dr Tyrell, only to mention two? And a great sport centre it was also. Indeed, there was one professor there, I can't remember his name, but he must have been a fine fellow, and courageous. He invented "flying wings," which he strapped on to his arm; but here is where the courage came in, or might one almost call it foolhardiness? At one end of the cricket-ground there is a large pavilion. On top of this the professor perched himself, like a sparrow alone upon the housetop, except that he had a rope tied round his body, and below, at the other end of the rope, about thirty lusty students had hold of it. When he gave the word they were to pull him off his perch, and he would sail all down the cricket-ground. How far he sailed I don't know, but the lads at the end of the rope never stopped till they got to the end of the ground, then they found there was nothing left of the "flying wings," and the professor himself was a bit damaged!

The sights, sounds, smells, tastes, and feelings that I

loved, and remember best, in and about the Irish home of my childhood are many. In the early dawn I can recall being wakened by the first song of the birds, which is far more beautiful music than they ever make during the rest of the day or evening ; it is a psalm of praise and glorious happiness to the awakening sun, with the real joy of life and hope in it. Then came the challenging crowing of the cock, followed by the Tuk, tuk, tuk, tuk, tuk, tuk, tuah ! of the hen after she has dropped her egg, as she wishes to let everyone know that this important act has been accomplished. Often have I run out in my night-shirt, found the egg, and lifted it up still hot. From her expression of pride, I could always spot the hen which had just laid it. Later, when bathing, there was the smell of the sea, and the music of the waves breaking on the beach, and, when the swim was finished, the taste of hot currant buns, peach-apples, and greengages. The smells of the garden in the midday heat—forget-me-nots, heliotrope, and clematis, and the rather sickly, heavy odour of the box hedges when they are full ripe for the orgy of the wasps.

Then the sounds—the droning of the bees, the very small "flip-flap" of the butterflies as they make court in the warm air, and the glorious sound of the gong for dinner ! After which, maybe, up on the mountains, the smell of the gorse, the sight of the blue waters of the bay, and the Irish Sea stretching far away into the haze.

High up in the blue sky innumerable larks singing their song of joy, and on the way home the scent of newly mown meadows. Then, late in the evening, the sweet scent of moss-roses and tobacco plants in the garden—a little strong and heavy, but very delicious on a warm summer night, with the corncrakes giving out their love-calls from the ripe meadows. Then bed, and all is quiet till dawn, unless a bird was disturbed, and left its tree with short, sharp, frightened cries. Great days! Life was all joy, as any young child's life should be. But one should surely never forget to be thankful for a happy childhood, with not a blot of sorrow to it. I know I do not. Childhood!—"For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

"All round the little farm I've wandered
When I was young;
There, many happy days I've squandered,
Many are the songs I've sung.

When I was playing with my brother,
Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my dear old mother,
There let me live and die."

That is a good old song.

Fruit plays a large part in my memories of childhood. I remember the next place to ours was owned by people called Montfort, and it contained two fine walled-in fruit

gardens, about an acre each. The youngest son of the family, Archibald (now a clergyman), was my age, and my closest friend. Sometimes we were allowed the "run" of the gardens in the afternoon. I write "sometimes," yet I never remember my friend asking leave of anyone. Yet he must, or surely otherwise we would have lived there all the fruit season, and that I know (luckily for ourselves) we did not do. We would commence our visits by eating hot peaches, plums, and cherries from the wall trees, then turn our attention on currants, black, red, and white; then, as by this time we were usually feeling a bit heavy, we would throw ourselves under the branches of a gooseberry bush and "gorge" till our stomachs could hold no more. I remember well the pain and tribulation of getting home again, and having to pretend to eat my supper.

Ah! they were "gala" afternoons those. No "cod" about that, as we expressed a "good time" in our Dublin "lingo" then.

Early memories remind me of a story Dr. Butler, the late Master of Trinity, told me about Mr. W. E. Gladstone, and how he was quite devoid of any sense of humour.

Dr. Butler, Gladstone, and a friend (I forget his name) were on holiday, cruising in the Norwegian fiords. One day the conversation turned to which could remember the earliest event in his life. Apparently Gladstone

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P. 14. GIPSIES ON THE HILL OF HOWTH.

remembered everything, from his second birthday onwards. His friend got rather bored by all Gladstone's perambulator stories, so he said, "Well, the earliest thing I remember—I'm afraid I can't exactly say what age I was, but in my mind's eye I can still see the whole scene clearly—I was lying in something (they afterwards told me, from my description of it, that it was a cot); there was a canopy over my head, and I was frightened, because a large, fat woman with a red face was leaning over peering at me. I closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep. After a few minutes she crept silently away to the far side of the room, then, turning her head, she peered at me again. I never moved. She then put out her hand and opened a door in the wall, and produced from the opening a long black glass circular thing, with a shorter and smaller circular top (afterwards it was explained to me that this was a bottle). She again peered at me, and, apparently satisfied I was asleep, she raised the bottle to her lips and had a long drink. She then put the bottle back and closed the door in the wall, returned and bent over the cot, her face quite close to mine—in fact, I could smell her breath as she peered at me—but I never moved; and again apparently satisfied, she settled herself down in a chair in front of the fire, and I remember quite distinctly saying to myself, 'My! when I am able to talk, just won't I tell mama!'" And Gladstone said earnestly, "That is really very remarkable!"

As far as the literature and music that was wafted from England across the Irish Sea during my childhood, the things embedded in my memory are, I am afraid, fairly low stuff. Those I remember are not things a modern child would read or hear. There was nothing Irish about them, and their sentimentality was terrible. I read and re-read Hall Caine's *Deemster*—in fact, I knew it by heart. No one talked of anything else in my world then. I mean by this what I heard listening to my elders. I used to play on the piano the song written about this book, "Mona" it was called, and would sing myself to sleep with it at night. I am not quite sure of the words, but they were something like this:

"Swift sails my boat, like a bird on the billow,
The boat of my heart, my sweet Ben MacCree.
But swifter by far leaps my love from her pillow!
The girl of my heart! who is waiting for me.
Mona! my own love,
Mona! my true love,
Wilt thou be mine through the long years to be?"

This is from memory after just on forty years. I trust, for the writer's sake, I am very wrong. And yards and yards more of this kind of stuff. What "tosh" it was! Another song I used to cry myself to sleep over went something like this:

"Ships were passing into the distance,
The shadows of night crept slowly on,
The cool fresh breeze blew o'er our faces,
. . . (*line forgotten*) . . .
We two sitting alone together ! !
Hand in hand by the waning light."

Perhaps worse "sentimental tosh" even than "Mona," sad stuff surely; but then to counteract these we had "White Wings."

"White wings ! they never grow weary,
They carry me cheerily over the sea.
White wings ! I long for you, dearie ;
I'll spread out my white wings
And sail home to thee ! "

A breath of the briny anyway ! A bit more hope for a child of eight years in that, surely ! Those "shadows of night," "waning light," and the holding-hands business always made me feel sad somehow, even at that age. Childish of me most probably, but I admit I feel a certain depression now writing about them.

Then when no one was looking I used to "bag" (a Dublin expression for "sneak" or "pinch") a "yellow-back" novel from a shelf, run away somewhere into the garden and devour it ! Sweet stolen fruit, "Ouida" ! Shall she ever be forgotten ?

Every Friday night my father brought home from

Dublin *Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday*. I knew and loved Ally Sloper and all his household — Mr Sloper, Mrs Sloper, Tootsie, the son, the Duke Snook, Iky Mo, and so on. The two great front-page drawings by Baxter, that I remember, were those representing the meeting of Mr and Mrs Sloper outside Madame Tussaud's, and the life-saving episode. After a quarrel, Mrs Sloper had left the happy homestead, and Sloper, getting bored, advertised in the papers "for a nice homely lady who would be willing to wed a steady middle-aged man." He got a response to his application; the place of meeting was arranged outside Madame Tussaud's. But Mrs Ally had, very strangely, apparently the same ideas as her loyal husband, and it was she who answered the advertisement. The picture, never to be forgotten, showed the meeting. Ally is saying with pretended joy, "No!! Is it possible? Yes! it is the long-lost Mrs Sloper." The other, a great idea Sloper had, as to how they should obtain the Royal Humane Society's Medal. He took Iky Moses aside and explained his plans to him. They both (Sloper with a rope) would go to Waterloo Bridge. Iky was to hurl himself over; Sloper would throw the rope and save him. It was simple!

"But," said Iky, "suppose instead you, Mr Sloper, hurled yourself over, and I threw the rope and saved you, wouldn't it come to the same thing?" "Don't make an ass of yourself," said Mr Sloper. Simple, nice wit, yet

more subtle than "Mutt and Jeff" or "Felix the Cat" of the present day. But all these are American or Sassenach; nothing to do with Irish wit or humour, so forgive my straying.

Then there were some good old Irish songs which brought another element into my child life.

"Oh, Biddy Donahue,
I've thrown my eye on you,
And if you'd marry Barney
You'd have no cause to rue.
You're gentle and your mild,
You're a decent father's child.
Oh, take the name of Slattery
And leave off Donahue!"

And that great Irish song which sums up the place in Europe we all felt we occupied:

"I don't give a button for O'Hara,
Not at all recognising M'Namara,
Nor the Bradys nor the Burkes,
Or the Irish Board of Works,
That are spoiling all the drink in Connemara.

Hoorosh! for the Emperor of the Prussians!
Hoorosh! for the Tzar of all the Russians!
Paddy Murphy, you're a tare!
It's a fact, replied the Tzar.
He's a bold bad man from the town of Mullingar."

Of course I need not mention the song that rang through the heart of every Irish boy then, as much as "God Save the Queen" did in those of the Sassenachs.

"Then take the Shamrock from my hat
And fling it on the sod;
But never fear, it will take root there,
Though under foot it's trod."

CHAPTER IV

At the age of eleven I entered the School of Art, Dublin, and I at once became an old man, one of the world's workers. Anyway, I looked on myself as such, and dreamt very few dreams. I was too eaten up with my own importance. I remember little of the next six years except being very tired at night. Francis O'Donahue was my chief friend during that time. Francis was an out-and-out Irishman. I remember working beside him one day in the school, and we heard outside the newsboys screaming, "Extra Special *Evening Tel-E-Graph*!" "Extra Special!" "Billy," said Francis, "I like to hear that." "Why, Francis?" says I. "When you hear that," replied Francis, "there's a chance some great calamity may have befallen England." Years afterwards I came back to Dublin from London and in the street I met Francis. "Hello, Francis!" said I. "Hello, Billy!" said he. "Come and have a drink?" said I. "That will suit me," said he, so we went into a pub. After we drank a bit, said Francis, "Billy, they told me you had been spoilt in London, but you've not." "I'm glad of that

anyway," said I. "Oh, you've not," said Francis; "sure, you're just the same b—— little fool you always were." I'm afraid that is what I am thought of in Ireland at the present time, and in some other places as well, maybe! Yes, perhaps I'm like Lady Gregory's Policeman in *The Rising of the Moon* — both in looks and thoughts.

Francis O'Donahue was killed one Christmas Eve at the beginning of the war in a motor-car accident, and Ireland lost a good son and artist.

John Hughes was doing fine sculpture in Dublin at that time—an extremely clever little man, with a make-up like a Frenchman. It was a great loss to Dublin when he went to live in Paris. He was a real artist, and is so still, I trust. I have not seen or heard of him for years and years.

My general appearance, and especially my face, have always been a source of depression to me, even from my early days. I remember once, by mistake, overhearing a conversation between my father and mother about my looks—why it was that I was so ugly and the rest of the children so good looking. It was indeed a question difficult to explain, and I remember creeping away and worrying a lot about the matter. I began to think I was a black blot on the earth, and when I met people on the country roads I always used

JOHN HUGHES TAKES ME FOR A WALK IN DUBLIN AND TALKS ART.

P. 22.

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to cross to the other side to let them pass, and by so doing save them the pain of having a "close-up" view of me. Later on I had a great chance of improving my looks, but, alas! it never came off. Everyone surely has noticed how like a husband and wife become after some time of living together, even if they are not deeply attached, or a dog and his master whether they are devoted to each other or not, as long as they depend on mutual agreement for peace of mind and body.

My opportunity came this way. When I went to the Art School in Dublin I noticed that the students, who were drawing figures from the antique, were without doubt growing like their subjects; and they had plenty of time to do so, as they worked at one figure, drawing every day, for one year. I remember one lady drawing the "Venus de Milo." My word, she was great! Now my chance would certainly come when I was promoted to draw an antique figure. Surely it would be some wonderful Apollo or Hermes, or perhaps the "Fighting Gladiator"! Then my features would quickly change, my body would develop, I would gradually become pure classical Greek. After months of waiting, I was brought up to the room by the master and led to an easel, and said he, "There is your place. Kindly make the drawing exactly twenty-eight inches high." I looked up, and there, facing me, was the "Dancing Faun,"

as ugly as you please. So my chance was missed, and after looking at the "Dancing Faun" for a year, I gave up worrying about my short-comings. After all, they were worse for others than for me.

"For beauty, I am not a star,
Others are handsomer by far;
But my face, I don't mind it,
For I am behind it.
It's the people in front get the jar."

So I just feel a mild pity for the rest of humanity who happen to cross my path in this world. That's all there is to it now. I hope they will be charitable enough to forgive me.

When I was about twelve years old a great innovation took place in the Dublin Art School—a real live woman was allowed to pose naked! I remember vaguely that when this great step had at last been decided on, there were further objections about my little self, whether I should be allowed to work from her, my tender years, etc. However, the headmaster persuaded the powers that were —the Church, and the "Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland" (who managed art matters in that country!)—that it would do no real harm to the lady or myself, and this I think proved correct. The great evening arrived for the first sitting. We learnt that she was an Italian, Signorina Angelina Esposito by name.

Our excitement was intense. The headmaster arrived to "pose" the lady. While he was doing this, we all had to wait in the passage outside the "Life Class" room; indeed, the door was locked on us. I suppose he thought we might rush it! Then we drew lots, and were allowed in, to take our places in the order in which we received them. Angelina, I fear, would never be chosen as an example of the perfect female form. But that worried little then. Her extremities—head, neck, hands, and feet—were exceedingly dirty; the rest of her beauty was marred by countless spots, as if she had been in an altercation with a wasp's nest. However, there she was, a woman in all her glory—an Italian—that nation renowned for its glorious development of the human figure. For an hour we worked in a frenzy, then Atty M'Lean, the head student, bowed low and made signs for her to rest; and this she promptly did, wrapping some old black piece of stuff round herself. We talked together in low tones. Atty said he thought we should try to speak to her. "Perhaps she would like a glass of water or something." We agreed. So Atty braced himself, braved it, and, walking over to where she sat, said, "Signorina, pardon me, can you speak English?" The lady raised her head, and, in the worst Dublin accent I have ever heard, said, "Oh, indeed I can. Me father tried to teach me Italian, but I couldn't take the trouble to learn the b—— language." That remark made us feel on

safer ground. After all, this "goddess" was mortal, one of us. The Olympian clouds dispersed, and we saw her clearly under the blaze of electric light, of the earth earthy.

Lawn tennis was the great game in Ireland at that time, and proud we were; and why not? Wasn't George Kerr the professional at the Fitz-William Club, champion of the world, and wasn't Burke of the Lansdowne Club the greatest player in the world? Kerr would never play Burke level, but would always insist on owing him half fifteen, and was always beaten comfortably. But in those days professionals were not treated with that respect with which they are now. One summer evening of 1895 or '96, about eight o'clock, some nice Dublin gentleman walked into the club and sent for Burke to play him a game. Burke came along and played him; but he was not in his best form, as he had been spending the latter part of the evening with some friends, and had "had a few," thinking his day's work was over. The "gentleman" reported him, and Burke was "sacked." He, the greatest player in the world at that time, and in receipt of 30s. a week pay, was "sacked"! That was why Burke left Ireland (and Irish lawn tennis declined). He was immediately taken up by Count X., who installed him at Cannes, and from that day he had a most successful career, well known and respected all over France, North and South, from Cannes, and all over the Côte-d'Azur to Deauville, where he died in 1921. A

very well-to-do gentleman, and his sons are carrying on in his stead. But I never heard of him ever going back to his native country. At that time we boys could have told you all about lawn tennis from the time of Lawford and Ernest Browne to Lewis, and the Baddeleys, and Willoughby Hamilton, and the two great days when he first beat Ernest Renshaw, and then Willie Renshaw, and won the championship, and after the last stroke hit a ball over the houses that surround Fitz-William Square—a great "belt" to give a ball surely!

Then, a little later, I used to get up early in the mornings and go and watch Jos. Pim, the amateur champion of the world, being trained by Burke at Lansdowne Road. People were real amateurs in those days, and Pim used to play with Burke at eight o'clock in the morning before his day's work began. That was the only time he could afford for lawn tennis. Pim and Stoker, what a pair! Our little chests swelled out with pride when we mentioned them. Oh, it's true, young Ireland took its lawn tennis very seriously in those far-off days. We played every spare moment we had, till it was too dark for the eyes to follow the balls at all. Then we would retire to the little country club-house and talk "high" lawn tennis till the stars came out, and the corncrakes ceased their love-calls from the long grass of the fields round the courts. Then off to bed, to dream maybe of a back-hand drive with a top spin

that was perfection. (Burke was the first man to hit the ball just before it reached the full height of its bounce, with a top spin and a "carry through.")

The Fitz-William Lawn Tennis Tournament Week in Dublin then was as important socially as the Horse Show Week. All the hotels were full of English visitors, all the houses were full of guests. Henry Wilson (Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson) and his brother used to come over and stay with Mrs George Orr Wilson at her place near Blackrock. I remember well how, when they appeared on the platform of the little railway station in the mornings to take the train to Dublin, a sort of hush spread over the little crowd waiting to be taken to the city to their daily tasks. Such perfect figures, such perfect clothes, spats to wonder at, boots to dream of! Sir Henry always with a raincoat thrown over one shoulder, always with his yellow-gloved hands clasped behind him. Him we called "Rake-faced Wilson," and his brother was "Droop-eye Wilson." Yes, truly they were different from the little crowd; it was as if the Assyrian princes mentioned in Ezekiel had arrived amongst us, from the unknown world far beyond our ken. What a joyful creature Sir Henry was! His laugh even, made one laugh, though no one had any idea of what he was laughing at. We kept our proper distance in those days. I never saw him from those early days until the spring of 1917. I had been lunching at advanced

G.H.Q. near Arras, and Sir Henry strolled up to us under the trees, where we were having coffee. After a time he said to me, "Ah, yes, I remember you. You used to draw for the *Jarvey* in Dublin." "No, sir," said I, "I was too young to do that in '85; that was my brother." He answered, "Bless you, you look old enough for anything!" I replied, "Not old enough yet to have a word contest with 'Rake-faced Wilson,' sir!" and I bolted before his boot got me. Later, I had the pleasure of seeing a lot of the Field-Marshal. A most brilliant man, with an unsurpassed sense of humour and knowledge of his own countrymen and women.

And of our rugby football we were proud also, for hadn't we glorious players who could beat the world? What about the Magees of Bective Rangers, and the Trinity College boys, Le Fanu, "Bosher" Johnson, Larry Bulger, and Lucius Gwynn (hadn't the Sassenachs to ask him over to England to play cricket for the Gentlemen *v.* Players)? But shall I ever forget the day when the Rugby Hospital Match was on and F. O. Stoker had the ball? There were only a few minutes left and the scores were even, and there was only Lucius between him and the line. Stoker with his thirteen stone was artful, and said to himself, "I'll never be able to dodge him," so he ran bang into him, flattened him out, and got the ball down before the referee could get the whistle to his mouth. Then

there were Cream and Gardiner leading the front rank. Proud we were each time they overthrew and trod on the Rose, the Thistle, and the Leek.

Will the players of nowadays be remembered for going on forty years by the present-day children like that? Not likely!

As to hockey, hadn't we the Three Rock Rovers and Marshall Porter, the son of the Master of the Rolls, the finest centre forward the world had ever produced, he who afterwards went out to the South African War? He and some others got cut off by the Boers, who called on them to surrender. "Never," said Porter, and they shot him down where he stood. A brave man!

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I "GALLUMP" WITH MY PIPES
ON THE PLAINS OF MEATH.

CHAPTER V

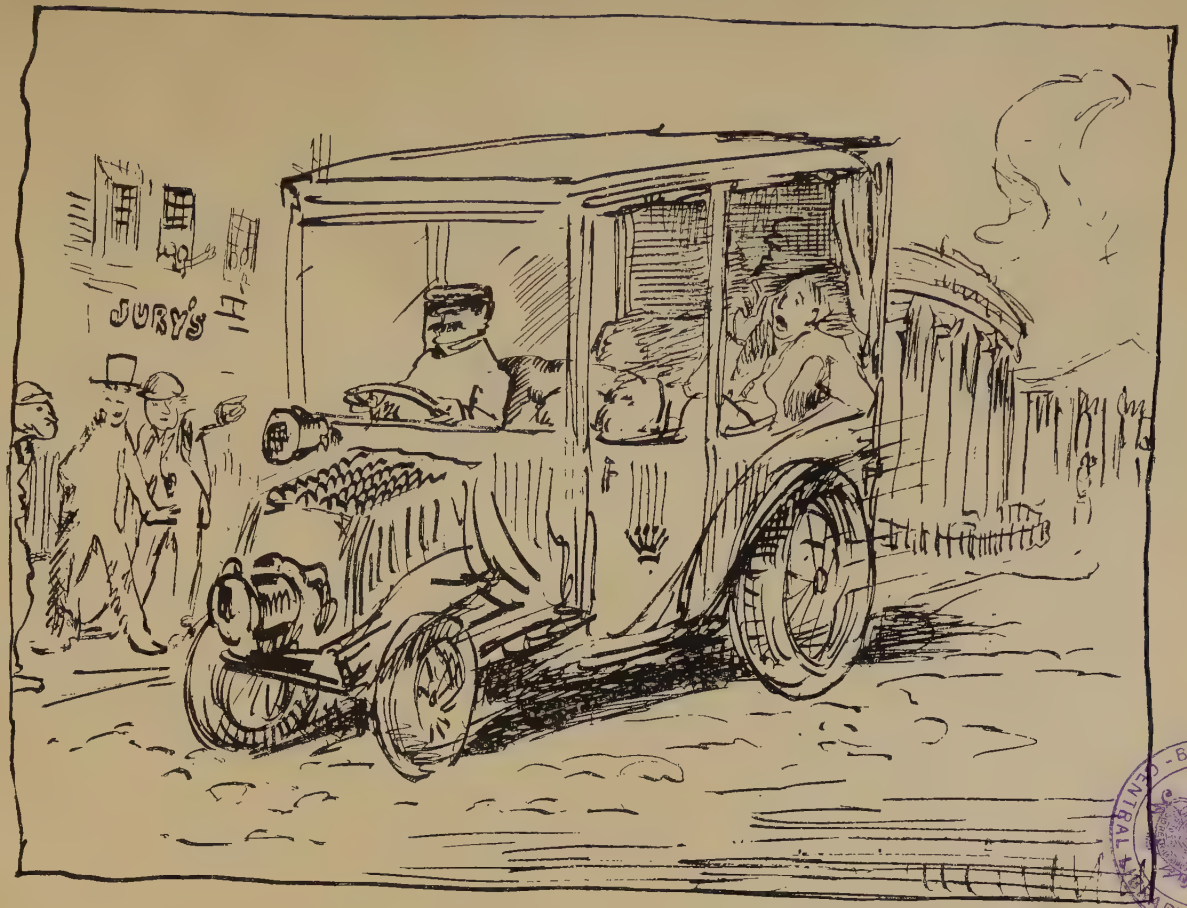
A CHARACTERISTIC of the Dublin people at that time was the enormous interest, one might almost say love, they showed in sickness and suffering. To be sick or to suffer was a great thing, and all one's friends had to be told of one's ailments.

I remember there were two old ladies, the Misses O'Toole, who lived in Blackrock, but worked their profession (begging and drinking) up Foxrock, Leopardstown, and Stillorgan way. One St Patrick's Day, walking up the country road in the evening near Stillorgan, I found the two Misses O'Toole flattened out, with drink, on the side of the road. As I was only about eight years old at the time, I was too frightened to go to help them (the eldest, Miss Biddy, often knocked policemen out!), so I scrambled up a bank and sat down to wait for whatever might happen. Nothing did, except that whenever anyone passed Miss Biddy seemed to hear the footsteps, even through her slumbers, which were not at all silent, and would shout at the top of her voice, "Holy Saint Patrick, I'm suffering for you!" And this continued until a kindly policeman put them under cover.

A good Irishman told me a story about himself that also shows the joy that thinking and speaking about illness and suffering gave to the ordinary Irishman.

My friend has got a bit of a "shake" in his left hand. He lives in England now, and the last time he had a holiday in Ireland the "shake" had just begun; but he went to play golf on a course he used to play a lot on some years before. When he was walking into the club-house from the last hole the professional was leaning over the balcony, and he called out to my friend, "I beg your pardon, but are you Mr ——?" "I am," said my friend. "Well, now!" said the pro. "Sure, they told me Mr —— was a bit of a golfer!" "Ah," said my friend, "I never was very much good; four was the lowest handicap I ever got to." "Is it four?" yelled the pro.; "it's more like forty-four now!" "Ah, yes," said my friend, "but, you see, I've got a bit of the shakes now," and he held out his hand. "Glory be!" shouted the pro., "is it the shakes you've got? Sure, me father died in terrible, awful agony with those same!" "Oh," said my friend, "I trust that won't happen to me." "Is it you?" said the pro., looking down at him with scorn. "Sure, me father was a fine upstanding man towards the likes of you!"

It was a general custom in the country towards the end of the last century for the poorer classes to have their marriages "arranged" like the Royalties and great Potentates



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PAINTING LORD IVEAGH. I DRIVE THROUGH DUBLIN FOR THE FIRST TIME.

of other European nations. The eldest male offspring of these marriages was usually "dedicated" to the Church; the next son, or, if there were more, the strongest, mentally and physically, emigrated to America. The night before his departure a great festivity was held. This was called "an American wake," and gallons of tea and poteen were drunk, with much "tootling of the flute" and dancing. The man who was being "waked" received many words of advice from his parents, particularly not to forget them and the old country, even when he was having his last glass of poteen. These thoughts were drummed into his addled brain. The following old song gives a fair idea of the kind of last memories of his home that he should be taking with him across the ocean: thoughts of the family left behind in the mud hut, with the few bits of earth fit for any kind of cultivation closed in carefully with stone walls between the bogs and the mountains.

"Good-bye, Johnny dear.
When you're far away,
Don't forget your poor old mother
Far across the sea.
Write her a letter now and then,
Send her what you can,
But don't forget, where'er you roam,
That you're an Irishman."

I once attended an American wake 'way off in the wilds of Connemara, but it was the daughter of the house who was going this time to New York as a "domestic." And a great, fine, beautiful girl she was, with her red petticoats and her shapely legs and feet. Have you ever seen a western girl walking the roads, or jumping from stone to stone across a bog? It's a fine sight to see these girls swinging along, free and wild, with their white flesh coming out from under the shadows of their red petticoats.

This wake was held in her grandfather's cottage one night, to get to which one had to leave the road and pick one's way across the bog for about half a mile as the crow flies. But it was a very zigzag business; one seemed quite near the cottage sometimes, and a few minutes afterwards one would find oneself far away from it. In the end I arrived about ten o'clock. The grandmother and grandfather sat in their places on each side of the fire, and benches were ranged round the walls, on which couples were seated. A few of the younger members of the family, including the girl herself, were busy handing round boiling hot tea and poteen. There was very little conversation; in fact, the silence was rather oppressive. Then suddenly the music man would play some sad air, and a few of the couples (there was not room for them all) would come to the middle of the room and dance very slowly, and in a weary, bored sort of way.

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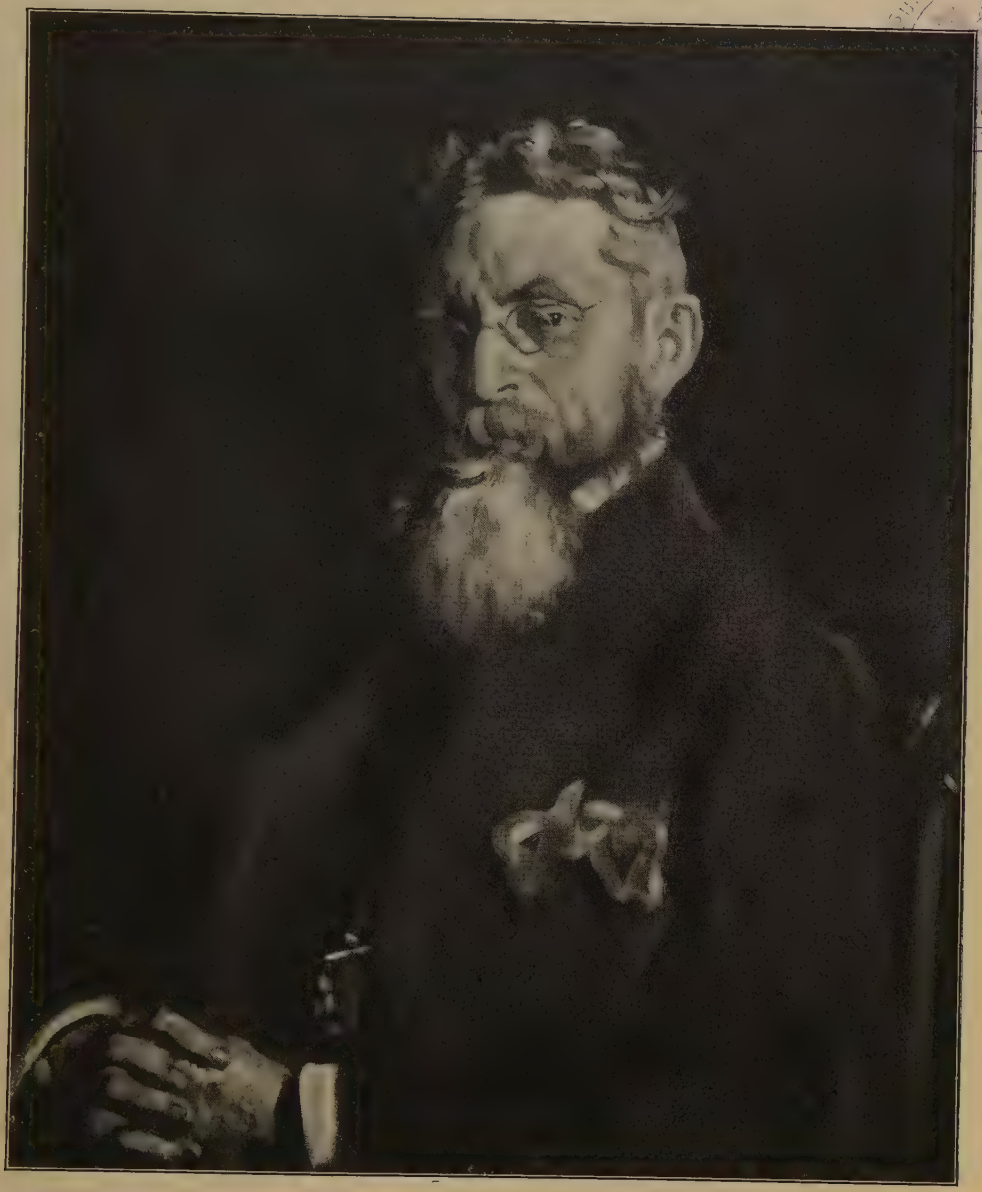
OLD JOHN'S COTTAGE, CONNEMARA.

When they had finished they would go back to their places on the bench. The man would sit down, and the lady would sit on his left knee; his left hand would hold her round the waist, leaving the right hand free for taking up boiling hot tea or poteen, or maybe a smoke. All the couples did exactly the same; they never changed partners, because each couple was going to be mated—their marriages had been "arranged." I watched them all the four hours or so I was there. Not a word did the man utter to his bride-to-be! Not a look did he give her! There was not even the twitch of a finger on the hand that held her waist; just the sad, weary dance occasionally, and then silence. It seemed to me a strange way of courting, but I suppose it "gets there just the same." No matter from what angle or point of view this great event, marriage, is approached, it works out to about the same finish, and this method was the custom of the country anyway.

At intervals some dark man would heave himself to his feet and recite a dirge about the sadness of the world, and Ireland in particular. When he finished these wailings, his voice broken with misery, there was always loud applause! The strange thing was, no one seemed to take the slightest interest in the beautiful girl who was going to leave her home in the dawn for the first time in her life, and who might never see it again or, alas! we her. I noticed that the few young men who were not "arranged" for, never even

threw her a side glance. So the night wore on: tea, music, poteen, dirge, tea, and so on. When it got to about two o'clock the rain came down in torrents, and I began to be nervous as to whether I could get back safely over the bog. Or should I have another glass of poteen and forget the world? However, I managed to get to my feet, and bade farewells to my hosts, and started off into the black, wet night. I had not got a hundred yards before I heard the patter of bare feet running after me, and I heard a voice saying, "Please, grandfather told me to see you safely over the bog." It was the girl herself, and she took me by the hand and led me on till we got to the road. I then asked her what hour she was leaving in the morning. "Six o'clock," she said. So I told her that I would like to give her a little present, and explained where I was sleeping, and that I would leave the door open if she would come and wake me up; which she did, but no longer showing the beautiful white legs. No, she had high-heeled boots with "brassy eyes" to them, such as Pegeen Mike (in the *Play-Boy of the Western World*) wished for, and the red petticoat was gone, and she had on a "tailor made."

Not one sign of nervousness did this girl show, and never before had she been farther than Maam Cross (about nine miles), which consists of a railway station, a pub, and about ten houses. That was the greatest town she had ever



P. 36.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

seen. And now she was off to New York ; but she seemed to take it just as a matter of course.

" We sailed away from Queenstown,
I mean the Cove of Cork,
We had a pleasant passage,
And we soon were in New York.
We'd plenty of friends to meet us there,
And got our work next day,
But with all their hospitality
I could hear my mother say :

'Good-bye, Johnny dear.
When you're far away,' " etc.

Aye, that was the song to send them off with, but poor old Granuaile must have wept a lot for sure.

I wonder what the world in general thinks now of the leading Irishmen of that time, William O'Brien, Michael Davitt, Tim Healy, and all the other great men who spent their lives working for their country ? I suspect they paint them in their minds with vivid colours, terrible blood-thirsty ruffians armed with blunderbusses and hiding behind stone walls, waiting for the unwary Sassenachs, fearing nothing, neither hog, dog, nor devil, passing on the road. But of the saintly, God-fearing trio whom I have named, it has never been my lot to meet William O'Brien, founder of the United Irish League, that courtly, gentle scholar from the South, so calm, so reserved, so

considerate of others. It seemed impossible to imagine him sitting in his prison cell in his shirt because he refused to wear the prison trousers, and more impossible still that any people could have allowed this gentleman to remain in such a chilly and uncomfortable position. But he bore no malice or hatred in his heart. Realities did not seem to touch him much when I knew him, only dreams. He seemed to be always living in his own dreams of Utopia in Ireland.

Michael Davitt, founder of the Land League,—what a name! A good one for a villain's part, and at one time it read terror to his enemies. Davitt, the jail-bird,—he was years in prison both in England and Ireland. He fought a great fight with all the energy of his soul, this God-fearing lover of nature. He said to me once, "You are young. Take my advice, don't take any side, just live, and learn to try to understand the beauties of this wonderful world that God has been good enough to give us to live in. There is nothing that spoils its beauty more than party politics and intrigues, or taking sides in any way against your fellow-men. These things have ruined this beautiful world for me for years and years. Aye, take my advice, live to love, and never hurt even a flea when he bites you. Remember it's his nature; he is only answering his call to live and love with as much right as you or I." A few weeks after I painted him, this great man, who had gone through so

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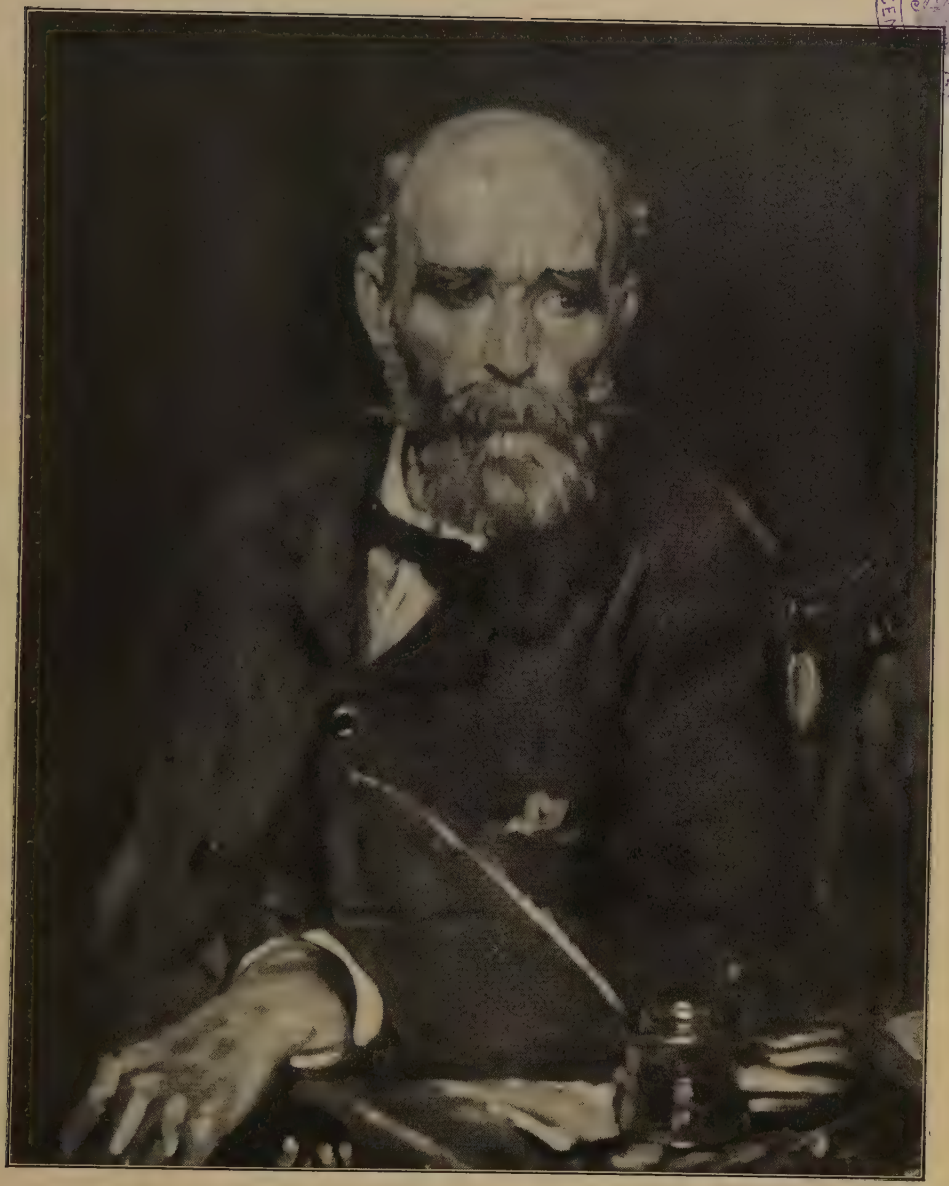


P. 38. MICHAEL DAVITT.

much for love of his country, died after one of his teeth had been taken out, poisoning following.

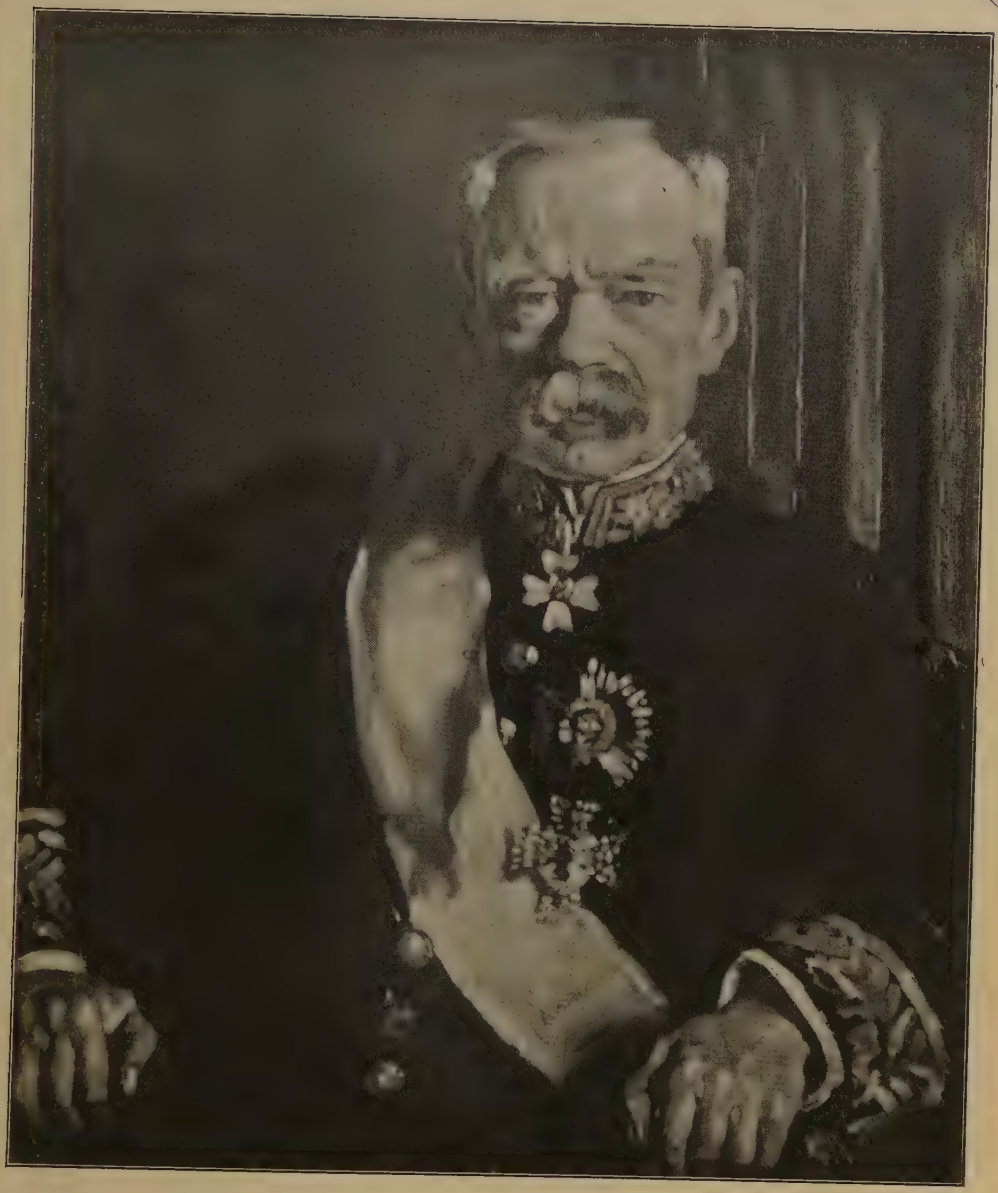
As to Tim Healy, the present Governor-General of Ireland, it is difficult for me to write anything. Apart from all his great powers as a politician and a lawyer, he owns the greatest sense of humour it has ever been my lot to meet. I could write for hours of stories I have heard about "Tim" from my early days; but these stories are his, and if he never writes them the world will lose a lot.

The bubbles of humour rise out of him, like those that rise out of the finest whisky and Schweppes, all the time, until you say "Good-night" and have finished your last drink. Think of what he knows about Ireland! From the early eighties to his present life in the Viceregal Lodge!

If you asked me what man in the world I would like to spend an evening with, listen to and wonder at, there would be no hesitation on my part. I would just answer quickly, "Timothy Healy, please."

Sir Anthony MacDonald (now Lord MacDonald) I also painted at that time, when he was Under Secretary to George Wyndham,—a strong man with a big sense of humour, but it took a lot of thought to see through it; the mask he covered it up with was a very thick one. When George Wyndham went, there was great talk in

Ireland as to whether Sir Anthony would become Chief Secretary or not. One day when he was sitting to me I asked him if he was going to try for this job. He replied, "No, I am too old." "Too old?" I said, surprised. "Yes," said he. "You see, to be Chief Secretary I should have to become a Member of Parliament, and I am too old to learn to tell lies now."



P. 40. LORD MACDONALD.

CHAPTER VI

THERE was, and still is, a wonderful lady in Dublin who used to look after all us "would-be" painters, sculptors, writers, and so on—a Miss Sarah Purser, one time a Cosmopolitan but now Irish to the core. She is a very good portrait painter, having learnt her trade in Paris during that city's good time in art matters. Some years before the war she started a stained-glass factory in Dublin, and she nobbled nearly all the talent there was in the city. This factory turned out some really fine things, and I suppose they are doing so still.

Miss Purser lives at Mespil House, a wonderful place right in the centre of the city, yet a river runs through it, and there is pasture-land for cattle. If you ever have the luck to have afternoon tea in her dining-room during the summer-time, you will never forget it. All the birds know it's "tea-time." In they come through the open window; the bread-and-butter, jam, and cakes are all covered over to protect them; but if you are not careful you will not get a bite of the piece in your

hand at all, and if you raise your hand to smack the little devils, they just hop back a bit and look at you, and when you lower your hand again, back they are to the attack. It is a true bird's paradise.

After the school at night we all used to go off and play billiards in a most extraordinary place which held eleven tables and a "bar." There were always about a hundred people in it, playing, drinking, or looking on; the air was thick with smoke and the smell of drink, sweat, and dirt. But we loved it. My chief opponent at this game was my friend William A. Sinclair, who, alas! has now left Ireland and resides in Cassel, Germany. The very idea of Sinclair leaving Ireland seems inconceivable, he loved it so much. I have never known a man who loved the hills, the gorse, the sea as he did. He gloried in the summer heat, he gloried in the winter storms. Even in mid-winter, he would ramble over the Hill of Howth at early dawn, and scramble down the cliffs to plunge his body into the waters of the bay. During the day he spent his time in Nassau Street dealing in antiques—and hating the job like poison. At heart "the Boss," or "the Beard," or "Sink," as we used to call him, was an artist. He hated things so much that he hated people buying them, and he loved things so much that he hated to let them go—so as a dealer he was a failure. But as a friend he was a glorious success. I remember the doctor's lines about him that began:

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A BILLIARD MATCH IN DUBLIN.

"Oftentimes of you I think,
Sink!
And your vision has appeared,
Beard!"

A fine fellow. I pray he may come back to Ireland soon.

As I wrote before, the chief memories of my early life in Ireland were the beauty of the mountains and the bay, the songs of the birds and the noise of the waves breaking on the shore, and the smells of the gorse and sea.

I remember when I came to live in London, at the age of seventeen, the first Sunday I spent there a fellow-student asked me to go out for the day with him. I called at his place in the early morning. Said he, "What shall we do?" "Let's go to the sea or up the mountains," said I at once. And he "laffed and laffed." But he did not understand that I had always lived in Dublin, and expected the sea and mountains to be close by. For Dublin as a city has wonderful points about its position. How pleasant it was of a summer morning, "when we were free!" and "all was hospitality," to drive out in the doctor's big car to "Lamb Doyle's," that wonderful inn on the Hill of Step-a-Side which lies near the base of the Three Rock Mountain, so named from the three enormous rocks on its summit, which one can see clearly from Howth twelve miles away! The view from "Lamb Doyle's" pub on a summer morning, as you sit in the shade on a bench outside the

house and look back over the bay, with Dublin on the left, and Howth, with Ireland's Eye, and Lambay behind! On the right Kingstown, Dalkey, and Bray Head, all of them in the blaze of the midday sun! This view, with the sweet fresh smell of the country in your nostrils, a cigarette in your mouth, and your glass beside you, truly you could feel life in all its glory, yourself having only left the crowded, hot city some twenty minutes before; in fact, you could leave Dublin at noon and get all this joy, and be back in the city, have lunch, and be ready for work at two o'clock. In no other town in the world that I have seen, could you have a pleasure like this in the middle of a day's toil. Yet strangely, except for ourselves ("myself, the doctor, and the Jew") and a few others, I never heard of any Dubliners taking advantage of a spare hour in this way. No, if they wanted a drink and a talk, they would hide themselves somewhere in the squalor of the town. And there are many hiding-places in Dublin for a quiet drink and talk for the lower middle classes who can't afford a club. You must understand that no respectable middle-class man in that city can be seen going into a pub. That is against all the social laws of middle-class Dublin; it cannot be done. A drink in a club with your equals is right enough, but in a "pub," where there may be others below your class, is quite impossible for the self-respecting middle-class man. So, numerous pubs have a hole in

MY BROTHER AND MYSELF
HAVE A PINT IN DAVY BYRNE'S.

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the wall in some back street near them, and into this hole you go, and travel along whitewashed passages till you come to a little "private room," and there, maybe, you would find some of the most respected citizens of Dublin with their "baby Powers" or their frothy pints; but of course, "according to code," you never mention the fact. A "baby Power," I must explain, is one large glass of "Power's" whisky in a little bottle all to itself. I remember one summer afternoon, when I was living at Howth, I got a telegram from a Dubliner. "Come to the Clairemont. The Jew and I are Solomonising." I knew the Clairemont Hotel by the sea at Sutton well, but as to the rest I was puzzled. However, off I went, and found them there. Said I, "Hello, boys! What on earth did you mean in the telegram by 'Solomonising'?" "Oh, you fool!" said one. "'Split baby,' of course." Then we settled down to them!

(The Clairemont Hotel is the spot where "Battling Siki" lately trained for his fight with M'Tigue. *N.B.*—Siki lost! In fact, he has never won a fight since!)

I'm afraid at the time I write about there was a lot of "drink taken" in Dublin. I don't suppose it was worse in that respect than any other city, but amongst the lower classes a terrible lot of "porter" was lowered. I remember a story about Westland Row Station. Have you ever been there? It's a dirty place on a wet, cold winter night to

wait for a train ; the mud seems to get right up the steps and along the concrete platforms, and the cold winds from the bay whistle all through it. One night like this, a man had some people to dine with him at his home down beyond Kingstown, Sandy Cove way, and he had to catch the quarter to seven train from Westland Row, but as he was a bit early, he went into the Grosvenor opposite to have a drop or two. (But before I go on I must explain. When you run up the muddy steps to the platforms on top, you are stopped by iron railings except for one iron gate. Inside this is a thing like a sentry-box, in which the ticket "puncher" sits, except when the gate is open and the passengers go through and he punches! This gate he is supposed to close half a minute before the train is due to start. Also I must explain for this tale that the two great cemeteries of Dublin are Glasnevin and Mount Jerome. Now my story is set.)

The man I have written about who was giving the dinner at Sandy Cove left the Grosvenor and ran up the muddy steps as the clock read sixteen minutes to seven, but as he got near the gate the ticket "puncher" slammed it, and fell back on the seat in his box ; nothing but his feet could be seen sticking out. "Hey," said the diner, "let me through." No answer. "Open the gate, man, quick! There is plenty of time!" No answer ; not a move of a foot. "I'll have you reported for this. Open the gate at once!" No

SINCLAIR GIVES AN INTELLECTUAL EVENING PARTY AT HOWTH.

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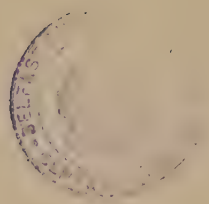
answer. Then there was a whistle, and with a "puff puff" out moved the train. By this time the would-be diner at Sandy Cove was hurling out of his mouth the most terrible, awful language, until he lost his breath. Then the "puncher" heaved himself slowly out of his box, and holding tightly to the iron gate to keep himself on his feet, said slowly, "Young fellow, I want to tell you something. A man came here last week, and he wouldn't take the refusal of the gate; he ran round there by the steps and climbed over the railings, and jumped into the train. Aye, it's true he caught the train, but he was dead in it before he got to Kingstown. And look here, young fellow, I'll tell you something that's true: there's plenty of people at this moment, both in Glasnevin and in Mount Jerome, that are not caring or worrying one bit whether they catch a train or not. Go back now, me boy, to the Grosvenor and have another one, and think over these words of mine till a quarter to eight." And he fell back in his box to rest once more, and the feet which stuck out of it never quivered as endless curses were hurled at them, but from behind the iron gate!



CHAPTER VII

Dublin had a great period for some years before the war. Wonderful things happened. George Moore came and lived there, entertained, wrote his books, picked people's brains, laughed at his friends, and cursed dogs. After all, he only came to Ireland for "copy," not for love, and he got what he wanted. *The Lake* was a fine book, and *The Untilled Field* had some good stories, which were really something like life in Ireland. Then the Abbey Theatre started, and John Synge wrote wonderful plays and books. He knew Ireland, the humour, the sadness of it all, better than anyone ever did. And he expressed his knowledge in his works in words that burn deep into the heart of all who know and love the country. What a master he was, this calm, modest, shy, great man! Alas! he is dead, and there is no one who can fill his place.

Then there was James Stevens, who wrote most charming verse. And are not his two books, *The Crock of Gold* and *Demi-Gods*, known and admired all the wide world over? Do you remember the chapter in *Demi-Gods* about

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SIR HUGH P. LANE.

the thoughts of the ass as he stood in the rain? That was great stuff.

And we had Starkey, better known to lovers of poetry as Shamus O'Sullivan, and Oliver Gogarty, that king of wits, and Padriac Colum, and James Joyce, who wrote the *Dubliners*.

Rich in talent we were; none can gainsay that.

All the rest of us little people during that period thought we belonged to the elect. Dublin to us was the home of intellectuals; the rest of the world did not exist. "Ourselves Alone" we were "IT." Then Hugh Lane appeared with his dreams, genius, and energy, and with these he worked night and day for the foundation of a great European modern art centre in Dublin. Hugh Lane was a force one could not withstand. He used us all like little puppets, and we loved him and worked for him gladly. We who understood him believed in him implicitly, without question or doubt; but most Dubliners thought, and indeed a lot said openly, "What an impostor! Of course he wants our money; but for himself his pictures are worth nothing. He is a dealer; these things he wishes us to subscribe for are the ones he has bought and can't get rid of." So this man, with all his great visions for Dublin, was defeated in his life's passion. They would not build his gallery; they would not subscribe money to help him with his gift. All the little people

took their little jump and planted a dart in his neck. With apologies I quote :

Lane's Committee. We want some of your money
For Manet and Monet.
The Subscribers. Sure, we haven't got any
For Monet or Manet !

One of the chief people who worked against Lane—in fact, I think "the man" who more than anyone else stopped the grant for the modern gallery going through—happened to be painted by me at the time. He was an alert kind of gentleman, and I painted him leaning forward in his chair looking out towards the spectator. When I was nearly finished he said, "Don't you think it would be better if you painted me leaning back in the chair ? It would look more comfortable." "But," said I, "I am trying to paint you alert, as if you were speaking to someone ! " "Ah," said he, "but I always understood it was very difficult to paint a speaking likeness ! " If he had meant this as a joke it would have been excellent, but he didn't.

Hugh Lane brought Mancini over to Dublin, and he painted excellent portraits of Miss Lane and Lady Gregory. A great fellow was Mancini, and it was most interesting to watch him push paint through string netting.

Now, a thing happened, a nasty business, and it did more harm to Hugh Lane's scheme than anything else.

GEORGE MOORE AND I WATCHING THE WAVES.

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Once more he was an "impostor" to the Dubliner's mind. It came about over a picture by Corot. I know fairly well how it was worked up, and those who were responsible, but I will not mention any names; their owners must feel their shame enough now they know the truth—that is, provided they have any feelings. Here are the facts as I know them. The first important commission I got was to paint the portrait of J. Staats Forbes. I remember well each day before he sat to me, I used to go out and buy a bottle of eau-de-Cologne and sprinkle it on the earth floor of my cellar in Fitzroy Street to try to drown the more earthy smells of the place. And he never complained or laughed at me for the strange odours—of mixed dirt and eau-de-Cologne! Staats Forbes was a great collector of the French School of Barbizon. He was a very personal friend of Corot, and had examples of his work from his early age to his death; each period was wonderfully represented, and the three things he was particularly proud of regarding this master's work, was the fact that he owned his earliest known picture, and the picture Corot thought his best work, and the last canvas he ever painted.

Staats Forbes was a most kind gentleman, and he used to let me run "loose" in Garden Corner House, Chelsea, where he kept his collection, at any time I pleased, so I knew his pictures well. The "earliest known picture" is the one that later caused all the fuss in Dublin. The one

Corot loved best is now in the Municipal Gallery, Dublin ; it hung over Corot's bed, and during his lifetime he refused to sell it, but when the old man Corot died, Staats Forbes went over to France and bought it. His last picture was painted as he lay, with his loved picture beside him, on his death-bed. Staats Forbes believed absolutely in "the earliest known one." It was also passed as a genuine "Corot" by a leading expert on this school in Paris. It is a little picture, very "tight and hard" in paint, but the usual Corot composition, and with the little dab of red clothing of which he was so fond all through his life. The Lane collection came to Dublin, and with it this "the earliest known," which the Prince of Wales (now King George) liked so much when he visited the Exhibition, that he expressed his desire to present this picture himself to Dublin ; and this he did. Then the row began. By some strange means someone produced a photograph of a picture by a very little known painter named Q. Mezzoly, called "A View of Balaton Lake." This picture, I think, hangs at Budapest. It is of an enormous size, and painted with large square brushes, but reduced in the photograph to about the size of the Corot (something like twelve inches by nine). It did resemble the Corot in many respects. That was all the "enemies of Lane" had to go on, and they pushed it as far as possible in anti-Lane propaganda. The Irish papers were full of "the fraud," and how the Prince

of Wales was landed with a false Corot! The only facts found out about the Mezzoly picture and of Mezzoly himself were these: that Mezzoly studied in France under Corot, and that no place on Balaton Lake could be found resembling the Mezzoly picture. Yet for some reason the majority of the people of Dublin never would believe in this meek little picture, painted in all sincerity by the master when he was a young boy. Could anything like this happen outside the Dublin of that time? It was a terrible farce. I do not suppose more than six Irishmen at that time had any knowledge at all of early Corots. Certainly the people who worked hardest against this Corot had not; but no facts, no amount of talking, made any impression on them. "The picture was a fraud," and would remain so to them, no matter what anyone said. And we said all we could.

Now Hugh Lane is dead, and, like John Synge, there is no one to fill his place and carry on his great work.

A strange and marvellous character had Hugh P. Lane, with all his wondrous thoughts of giving, great thoughts which he acted on with all his energy—gifts given to galleries or to charities, all with a great free gesture, no restrictions. He at the same time was the meanest man to himself I have ever known.

No matter how tired he was, if he had time he would walk to save a penny bus fare. What a man! No, he

was not a man, he was a "freak," a wonder person. During his childhood his chief joy was needlework, and beautiful things he did, which he kept near him always. Up to the time of his death, his great joy was to prepare his lady friends when they were going out to Court or balls. He had great art as a hairdresser, and he would deck their tresses with jewels and their ears with rings. When he lived with me, he had drawers full of jewellery, things he had collected from childhood, not of any particular value, but all beautiful in their way. And bits of coloured stuffs, no matter how common the materials, if Hugh P. had them, there was something about them like a "hall mark" of "H. P. L."—of beauty. Often when I was in Spain with him I would say, "Let's go somewhere and have a good lunch, let us enjoy ourselves! Aren't you hungry?" No good; he would look at me sadly and lead me to some cheap place, and we would eat. But during the meal he would pocket some bread and fruit there for his dinner. He never dined all the time we were in Madrid.

It's true, Hugh P. led a starved life. Every penny to him was wasted that was not spent on a work of art. Perhaps a work needed for the National Gallery of Ireland, of which he was a Director, at the next meeting of the Governors he would offer it as a gift, and they would accept, with looks among themselves as much as to say, "But of course it's worth nothing." Or perhaps he would buy a work which

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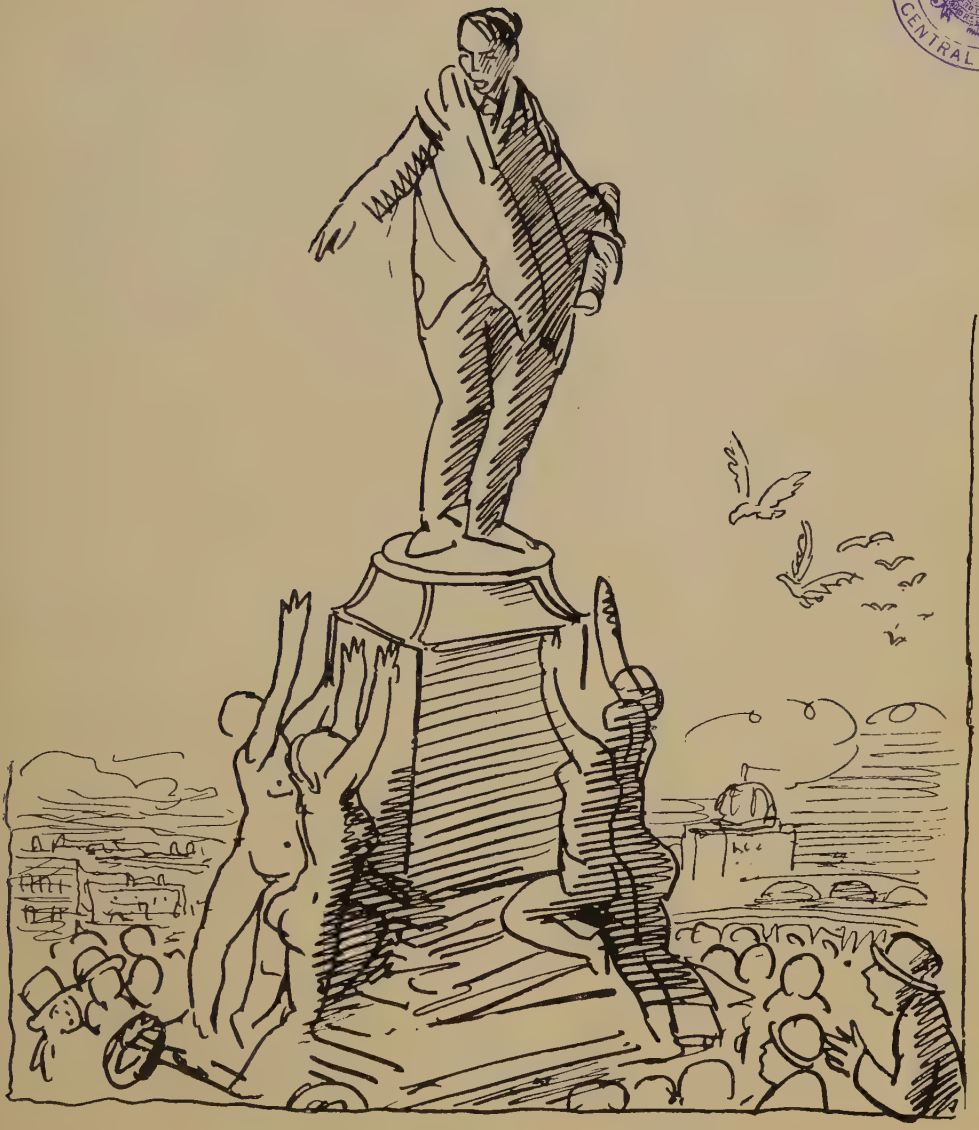

A DREAM :
I IMAGINE THAT DUBLIN HAS
SEEN FIT TO HONOUR ME.

he knew was cheap, and that he could sell later, and buy a much better one with the money. Or perhaps it was "just the thing" some friends wanted to complete a room, and he would find out when they were away from home, and go there and "place it," so that the friends would get a surprise of joy when they returned. And so on he went to the end, buying, selling, giving, and he died worth nothing, yet during his short life he had owned and given away hundreds of thousands of pounds, though he started, when he left Galway and came to London, on ten shillings a week. I remember he told me he had a room in Bayswater, and that he never had time to read enough at night, as he could only afford half a candle, and no matter what dodges he tried with it he could not keep it alight for more than two hours.

We practically quarrelled in Madrid. He cursed me often for wasting money on a bottle of beer, and I, being very young, cursed him for his meanness ; so much so, that after a time I did not see much of him—in fact, I found another friend with whom I could enjoy myself in the evenings, a friend to whom Hugh Lane never objected. He was an American journalist called Bergen, a charming fellow full of fun "and all that sort of thing," which is an expression he used to me.

We only got Hugh P. to spend one evening out with us. He looked on it as a wicked waste to spend a peseta on a

dance hall; and such things also rather shocked him, I think. Yet one morning we were wandering round the dealers' places in the town. Lane bought a few works, but the only things I spotted were two little terra-cotta figures by Alonzo Cano (the fellow Velasquez painted) of Adam and Eve, but they were far beyond any price I could give for them. After this I scarcely saw anything of Lane. I was working out all day and spent my evenings with Bergen. Then Lane went to Rome, to be painted by Mancini. I did not even see him off at the station, but when I got to my bed late that night, and pulled down the clothes, there were Adam and Eve on the white sheet, with a little card "H. P. L." I can tell you it brought me up with a shock! I wrote and wired to him, and asked him to meet me in Paris on the way back. It was lucky I did, as Bergen came there with me, and we went "stony," and had to wait for him to arrive and pay the bill; and this he did without a murmur. But he said to me, "That is all right, but where is your money? Have you nothing to show for it?" I am sorry to say I certainly had not, except perhaps a little experience, a difficult thing to show at a moment when asked.

I never saw Bergen again, but he and I corresponded regularly for years afterwards, then suddenly his letters ceased. So never getting any answers, I soon stopped mine. A couple of years later I received a letter from one of his

parents from Boston telling me he had been drowned in a boating accident (about the time his letters ceased), and that, going through his letters, they found mine, so wrote to let me know. It was sad. He enjoyed life so much. He spread the joy of it to those who were with him.

A great English architect was asked by Hugh Lane to design the New Art Gallery for Dublin. He came over, and fixed for its position what became known as "The River Site." The sketch design he did really consisted of two buildings with a connecting bridge across the Liffey. It would have been magnificent.

This particular Sassenach architect had a peculiar sense of humour ; rather drastic perhaps, but I must not criticise. Of course, when he was over in Dublin he was entertained. Being "entertained" in Dublin used to mean an "evening party," to which you are supposed to go at about 9 p.m. and leave about 11 p.m. You were provided with tea, coffee, cucumber sandwiches, cake, and, if you were lucky, some grocers' claret made into a "cup," with plenty of lemon and cucumber floating on top, otherwise all you got was talk. I remember some time after this gentleman had paid his visit meeting a Dublin lady, one of the "elect." She was very thin and black, and well on in the fifties. She took me aside and said, "Of course you know Mr X. ?" (mentioning the architect). "Oh, yes, madam, well," I replied. "But don't you think he is mad ?" she asked.

"Mad?" said I. "No, I never noticed any signs of it. Why, madam?" "I know he is," she said very seriously. "You know, dear Miss —— gave an evening party in his honour when he was over here, and she was kind enough to invite me. When I arrived, the opportunity did not occur for me to have the honour of being introduced to Mr X. But about ten o'clock, as I was sitting in a corner, he suddenly walked up to me and said, 'Madam, pardon me, but may I have the honour of addressing a few words to you?' I was aghast! We had not been introduced, but as he was the guest of honour, and English, I thought I would better overlook his bad manners, so I said, 'Speak, sir.'

"'Madam,' said he, 'without your knowing it, all this evening I have been studying you from afar, and I know exactly what you require.' 'Sir,' I exclaimed, 'I require nothing!'

"'Excuse me, madam, you do,' he said earnestly. 'What you require is a gin and seltzer!' 'Sir,' I said, horrified, 'such a thing as gin has never passed my lips. And what is more, I feel sure my dear friend, our hostess, never allowed such a thing to enter her house.'

"'I suppose she has not,' he said, 'so now I am off into the town to fetch some for you. Keep quite still, please, until I return.'

"And he left the house and never came back at all. Of course he's mad."

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A TALENTED PICNIC.

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Yet as far as I know he is still walking about at large. But, alas! "the Bridge Site" was never built over.

In those days it was very pleasant to go with Hugh Lane to the Royal Academy in Abbey Street and have tea with Vincent Duffy, R.H.A., the keeper, and his daughter. Charming people they were, and Hugh P. was very fond of them. At each tea-time we had the Goya etchings out —a magnificent complete set, a gift to Ireland from the Spanish Government after Goya's death. They were amongst the very earliest impressions taken from the plates —perfect things, yet I don't suppose ten people in Dublin (outside Academicians) ever saw them, where they lay hidden from sight in a drawer, year in year out, for one hundred years or more.

I tried to get them to exhibit them. No, it could not be done! I tried to get them to sell them. No, it could not be done! Could anything be done? No, nothing at all could be done, so there they lay in that dark drawer in that old dirty room, until the flames of the Rebellion came and licked them up skywards when that old home in Abbey Street was burnt down, or maybe they were saved and hidden in the dark somewhere else. I know not, because by that time I no longer had a home at Abbey Street; no longer was I a full-fledged Royal Hibernian Academician. Circumstances took that honour from me. I felt forced to leave that august body. The reason I did so

was that I thought it was time they realised that I had grown up. Before this sad affair I had received my orders and obeyed them, without thought or question ; but, alas ! I began to think, hence my downfall.

It happened like this. One year Hugh Lane worked with the R.H.A. people to get me to send what was for me a "big show" to the next Exhibition in Abbey Street. I was pleased, and borrowed seven or eight pictures, in some cases with a lot of difficulty. There are very few people who do not hate taking things off their walls ; then there was the expense of insuring, packing, and the carriage to Dublin. All the pictures came from England, except one from Colonel Poe's home in County Wexford.

When I got to Dublin, I went to see how my "big show" looked, on the walls of the Royal Hibernian Academy ; but, alas ! I found no "big show" for me—in fact, I found it difficult to find a single picture of my own. Some were in corners, some just under the ceiling. It made me sad ; I had taken a lot of trouble. But I did not say a word, as of course the "hanging committee" had a perfect right to place my things where they liked, and where they thought they looked best ; that was their job, and I am sure they did it to their perfect satisfaction, bless their hearts ! But I admit I thought a lot, and decided I would not break mine by troubling to send anything the next year. Before the next Exhibition the President

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I MEET Æ. IN THE STREET.

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wrote to me and asked me what I was going to send. This was a private letter, and I answered that I had no intention of exhibiting anything at the Exhibition—in fact, I sent him rather a firm, "grown-up" letter.

When the Exhibition opened I was working in the School of Art, and one of the students walked up to me and said, "They've hung that portrait of yours damned badly." I was wild with rage, and rushed to the Exhibition, and sure enough, there, hanging in one of the worst positions possible, was one of the most terrible portraits I had ever done! I wrote to the President and asked him why, after I had written to him refusing to exhibit anything, he had allowed them to hang this portrait, and told him that if it were not taken down at once I should feel obliged to resign. He replied that he had got the portrait himself; that he had no idea of insulting the gentleman he got it from by sending it back to him; that he was sorry if I was ashamed of it, and so on. It was a stupid letter. I don't think it was meant to annoy, but it was just clumsily stupid, and, if I remember rightly, was as insulting to all the other members as to me; so I resigned, and it became quite impossible for me to go on with my scheme, at which I had been working for years, to amalgamate the School of Art and the Royal Hibernian Academy. I trust this will shortly now be done, as there is no room for two Schools of Fine Arts in the city of Dublin. So this stupid little row

stopped great things that might have happened—indeed, they were very nearly happening at the time.

Now the R.H.A. is exactly the same as it was then, only some ten or twelve years older, and it's the same with me.

The grant of money in those days to the Royal Hibernian Academy was £300 per annum, and to the School of Art, Kildare Street, £11,000 per annum. It was crazy ; and the heads of each were so jealous of each other for no reason whatever, as none of them was of the least importance, that it was nearly impossible to get them to work together at all. It was sad. But perhaps now the Irish Free State will vote enough money to put the Royal Hibernian Academy in a position to enable the members to run the schools and exhibitions in a manner befitting the capital of the Free State.

A couple of years ago I went into the Royal Academy, London, before the Exhibition was open, as I wished to see if my pictures were dirty, or the frames chipped, or the glass broken. I was in a great hurry, and was running round looking for them, when I spotted a man on a seat looking at me. I felt sure I knew his face, so I ran over and held out my hand. "Hello, old boy, delighted to see you! Sorry I must run. I'm in a desperate hurry. Good-bye." And off I ran on my search. I think I half realised at the time that the "old boy" was not very cordial, but I presumed that his pictures, whoever he was, had not been well hung or

Sitting— GEORGE MOORE, P. WILSON STEER,
PROF. HENRY TONKS, SIR HUGH LANE.
Standing—D. S. MACCOLL, WALTER SICKERT.

something. People get very touchy at these times, and I forgot all about the matter.

A few days later, when I went to see Captain Langton Douglas, Director of the National Gallery of Ireland, he told me he had been visited by the President of the Royal Hibernian Academy, who expressed himself as "shocked and surprised" that I had accosted him in the Royal Academy. I am sorry about it. I should have remembered his face, then I would never have made this grievous error.

Twice I have had grave doubts regarding my mental capabilities being far below the average, and such occurrences have worried me a lot.

The first was when I was fifteen years old. My master gave me the works of John Ruskin to read as a lesson. I had to read Ruskin daily from 3.30 p.m. till 5 p.m. When I had finished a volume I had to bring it up to his room. There he would open the book at random and ask me questions. If I did not answer to his satisfaction, I had to take the book back and start it all over again; and so on till I was "passed." Then another volume was handed to me.

My doubts arose over the fact that Ruskin bored me to tears. How Turner painted his pictures! The beauties of Venice! If any description could put one "off" trying to paint pictures, surely Ruskin's description of Turner's method would do it. I believe the whole of Ruskin's knowledge is

given in a small handbook for students called *Principles of Ornament.* (I regret I forget the author's name.)

Then his descriptions of the City of the Sea made me cry with boredom. If I had been asked to go there then I should certainly have refused. Yes, I felt there must be something very wrong with me, and I felt very badly about it. Then *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies* was published, after reading which I cheered up considerably on my Ruskin question.

The second shock occurred when I was eighteen years old, on my first visit to Paris. This was more instantaneous than the first, and it nearly knocked me over. The morning I arrived in Paris I rushed to the Louvre. When I entered the Salle Carré, there before me was the "Mona Lisa." That was a shock. I not only did not like it, I hated it. It made me feel sick. That feeling, and a longing to get out of the Louvre into the fresh air, were the only emotions that picture gave me.

I rushed out, and walked up and down in the Jardin des Tuileries till I felt more calm, and reasoned that it would be better to go back at once, or perhaps I would never brave it again. So I went back and took my place in front of her; but it was no good. I was still horrified at thinking her so horrible. The slimy paint, like that of the Yiddish School of the present day. I listened to what people were saying. "That expression!" "Leonardo here has expressed

womanhood in all her moods!" "The charm!" "The mystery!" "The knowledge of life!" "The eternal circle!" "The masterpiece of the world!" And there was I unable to see anything except a slimily painted, bloated woman, with a slightly dirty-looking face and a rather nasty sensual expression. Yes, there was something wrong with me. I began to feel very uncomfortable again, and once more rushed for the open air. These days, when I have to pass her in the long gallery where she now hangs, I close my eyes. Even so, I feel better when I have passed beyond her. I have had no "gentle art of making enemies" since to make me feel better about this second blow, and I have not cheered up about it at all. I suppose I must be all wrong.

CHAPTER VIII

The following little stories may help to illustrate what I feel about "criticism" in Dublin at that time, or the feeling of superiority its citizens had for all the outside world. "Ourselves Alone!" Alas! the thought brought lots of its best people to nothing in the end.

There was a young man there then who showed promise as a sculptor, and some of the great "intellectuals" of the city took him up and "ran him"—in fact, they ran him so hard that they got a subscription up, and it rose to the enormous amount of something like £80! This was to enable the young man to leave his wife and children and go to France, Italy, and Greece for a year or so and study the great masterpieces of the world in sculpture! I was in Dublin one August when this happened, and the young man left on this great adventure. On returning to Dublin in October I was surprised to meet him. Said I, "What on earth are you doing here?" To which he answered, in a tone which showed he thought the question extremely foolish, "And where else would I be?" "But," said I, "I thought you had gone off to France, Italy, and Greece?"

SOWING NEW SEED IN THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE AND TECHNICAL INSTRUCTION FOR IRELAND.

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"Oh, I did," said he; "but I only got as far as Paris and saw the Louvre, and as I did not see anything there I couldn't do a damned sight better myself, I came back to Dublin again!" Poor old Paris in this case was an utter failure!

But the most amusing thing in Dublin then, in the picture line, was the work of a poet—a poet who was also an "organiser," and I am told he had an excellent brain for the organising job; but I have also been told he was an excellent poet and also an excellent painter. But it is only with the latter that I dare to deal, and I have great admiration for his pictures if not taken too seriously. When I first knew him he was, as I have mentioned, "organising" all the week—that is, all those parts of the week that the fairies left him alone; for they apparently appeared to him often enough to give him two fine subjects to be painted on each Sunday—one in the morning after eggs and bacon, and the other after a heavy midday dinner. These fairies, at least as he represented them, used to worry me. They were exactly like very badly drawn figures by Blake, and I used to wonder if fairies were the same all the world over—Celt fairies, Sassenach fairies, and all the lot, to far-off Honolulu. It would be so dull, if one saw fairies, to travel all over the world and find them the same, even were they as beautiful as those Blake depicted! Then a terrible thing happened to this artist and the fairies.

Hugh Lane brought the French pictures to Dublin. Hi! presto! the fairies disappeared. Now, each Sunday produced two rather slimy canvases by a "would-be" Jean François Millet. Yes, the heaviness of the earth, the men and women of toil, the sadness of everything—they were all attempted. Two each Sunday came regularly, and the people of Dublin bowed their heads and muttered, "How wonderful!" Yes, J. F. M. had a good innings, but in the end he got played out.

Monticelli had a short time, and with him the poor fairies nearly got back to their own again. Then Renoir had an innings, and scored eight or nine runs (Sundays) freely. But the shade of Daumier came up and gave him a clip on the jaw, and he was "outed," and we had numerous little Daumiers all playing about at some unascertainable game. After this I lost interest and count; but I suspect the list is still growing bigger and bigger; perhaps by now Winterhalter is at the wicket. I only knew one other painter who plied his trade by such means, but he was a Scotchman and he left the fairies alone. But this Irishman's work was taken quite seriously then by Dubliners, who would say at the same moment, "Manet! Shure, he couldn't draw, far less paint, and he had no imagination at all! Manet a colourist? You're codding! Shure, the man had no idea of colouring at all."

Yet at that time there were, among the young of

Ireland, men and women with the real gift and love of nature, together with the wish and energy to try to express their love both in line and colour—James Slater, Margaret Crilly, Bertie Power, Kathleen Fox, John Keating, and young Touey, a lad with one hand, and I was told by a good artist lately that he is doing the best work in Dublin at the present time.

But don't imagine for one moment that they could sell their works in Dublin then. No, the Dubliners preferred a £5 mock J. F. Millet any day. I hope all this is changed now, and that the people I have mentioned above are receiving some praise and money for their labours of love. We had some great years of hope and promise there, then the war came and we were all knocked apart, and Hugh Lane was drowned when the *Lusitania* was sunk. And impossible people began to rule art in Ireland once more, but now I hope all is changed for good once again.

Apart from the young artists of Ireland that I have already named, there was one who stood out alone—Beatrice Elvery, a young lady with many gifts, much temperament, and great ability. Her only fault was that the transmission of her thoughts from her brain to paper or canvas, clay or stained glass, became so easy to her that all was said in a few hours. Nothing on earth could make her go on and try to improve on her first translation of her thought. The thing was impossible; she was bored at the very idea.

I remember some twenty years ago meeting an artist in London who told me he liked to start his pictures all wrong so that he could later give them the quality of correction. This is of course going a bit far; at the same time, if Beatrice Elvery had the art of criticising her own work and correcting the mistakes, I believe she would be a very considerable artist indeed. At present she is engaged in bringing up fine children for a good husband. I cannot believe she got as bored with them after their birth as with her thoughts. I remember meeting her in Dublin one morning and asking her to lunch with me. She said, "Yes, but make it half-past one, will you? I have to do a large window this morning." I called to take her out to lunch, and during those three hours or so she had designed a huge stained-glass window, three enormous "panels" or whatever they call them; a hundred figures or so were in the design. I saw this window finished in glass some time later, and there was no particle of change from what she had put on paper that first morning in a few hours. It was an extremely good window, but with some glaring mistakes which would have been perfectly simple to set right. But that "setting right" never did exist in her "make up," bless her heart!

Then there were the Morrows, endless Morrows, all good fellows, especially poor Norman, who died. Also the three Gifford girls. Not forgetting for one moment Count

THE COLLEEN,
BEATRICE ELVERY.

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Marcovitch, "Cassie." A certain world in Dublin centred round Cassie—an enormous man, but as gentle in body and mind as a child. He painted, wrote plays, kept his front door open all night in case any stray person might want food, drink, and a sleep. Oh, Cassie was a great fellow, a magnificent great man! Had he not won the Paris-Bordeaux bicycle race two years, and on one of the occasions with no tyre on one wheel for the last hundred miles? A formidable man to be up against. I only saw him have a "little bit of bother" one night; but indeed it seemed to bother him not at all. It was one evening when the Christmas Pantomime was on at the Gaiety Theatre. Cassie and I were dining at the Gogartys', and the conversation got on the subject of what one saw behind the scenes in a theatre. I was very interested, so Cassie took me about half-past ten to the theatre, and we went behind. I realised that the English manager of the company objected to our being there, but I thought nothing of it. The show over, we went upstairs to the bar, which in the Gaiety Theatre is rather a big room. Cassie ordered our drinks, and we were talking about things that mattered to us, when in walked the English manager, a man about six feet high and weighing about thirteen stone. He was, to say the least of it, rude to Cassie. He said we had no right to go behind the scenes and all that sort of thing. Cassie never answered a word. The manager got angry, lost his head, and showered abuse

on Cassie's big head. Cassie took not the slightest notice, but tried to keep up his conversation with me. Then the manager lost control of his arms as well as his head, and with one fist struck Cassie full in the face. We were all petrified except Cassie, who very slowly started to take off his great double-breasted coat of broadcloth, and quietly said to me, "I am sorry, Orpen, this has happened. Would you be so good as to hold my coat for a moment?" I took it. Cassie turned round on the infuriated manager and said very quietly, "I believe, sir, you struck me!" No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the manager rushed at him, his fists whirling about. And now a strange thing happened. In one second, without any blow being struck, Cassie had both the man's arms twisted behind his back; then he walked him doubled forward across the room, pushed his head with considerable force against the wall, then let him go, and he subsided quietly to the floor. Cassie walked slowly back and said to me, "I am sorry. I think you would better finish your drink. They may get the police in, so we would better make a move. I don't think there will be any trouble, as I am nearly sure I have not killed him; but one never knows. After all, he hit me first, and I never returned the blow. Anyway, they know my address here if I am wanted." Then, turning to a group of friends of the manager, he said, "I am sorry your friend lost his temper. You would

better go and see to him now. But if any of you wish to be put to sleep in the same way, it will give me pleasure to do the same to you before I leave. Nobody? No! Well, good-night, gentlemen." And out we went quietly into the slush of a winter night in Dublin. Where is Cassie? Rumours came he was in the Russian army, that he had lost a leg, then a arm. Since then I have heard nothing; but I trust all is as well with him as his great heart deserves.

CHAPTER IX

The drivers of outside cars, or "jaunting-cars" as the English folk call them, were supposed to be very witty, but I cannot remember ever having received any great amusement from them or from stories told me about them. When I was about thirteen years old I used to take a car home from the station every night at about ten o'clock. By that hour, those days, every decent driver was fairly well "laden." But on this particular night the lad who drove me was "weighed down with the weight of drink"; but the old horse knew me all right and brought me safely home. When I jumped off and started to look for money to pay, the lad lashed me across the back with his whip, and continued doing this till I got out of range. Between my sobs of pain I asked him what he meant by these acts of violence. He leant over from his seat, beamed at me with love and friendship, and said, "Master Willie, Master Willie, sure, you're so nice I must bate you!" He would have said much more, only the horse was anxious to get to bed, so moved off.

Then there is the story of the Englishman, one of the

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CROSSING FROM KERRY TO CORK.

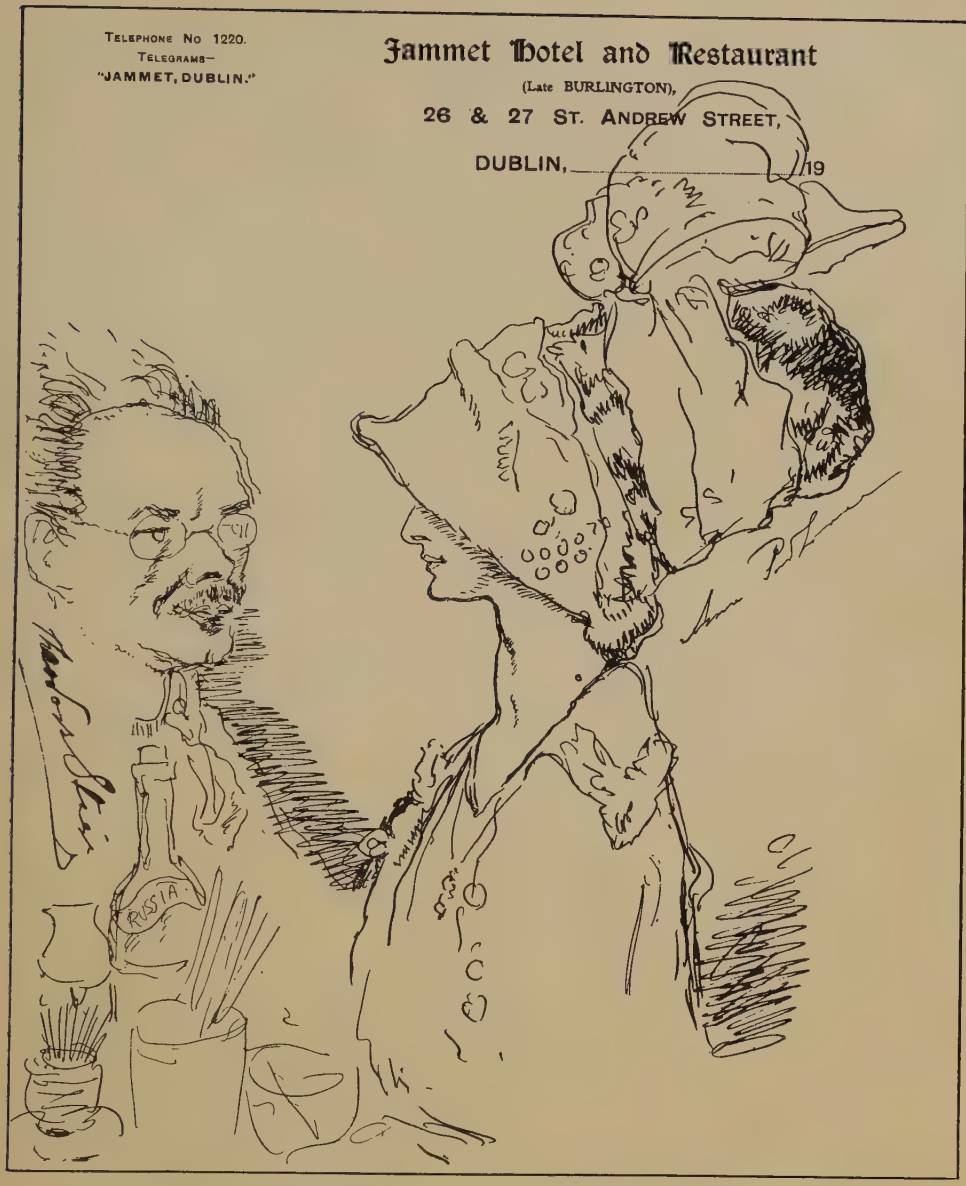
real patronising type, the type that used to come over and collect stories of "what I said" and the absurd silly things "Pat" said in reply. Of course the "Pats" did say absurd things with their tongues in their cheeks, because they knew the Sassenachs would give them a large "tip" for their "demned amusin' talk." When this one landed at Kingstown he got on an outside car, and between its shafts was a mare that was just able to keep her body propped up on her four legs, so the Sassenach thought he would have a "dig" at the driver, and said he, "I'm surprised, Pat, at that animal you are driving. I thought you were renowned for your blood mares in Ireland." "Oh," said the jarvey, "you're right, sor, we are that, and for your further information I may inform you that this one is the bloodiest of the whole b—— lot!"

When one writes or thinks about Kingstown, one person surely comes into one's mind—Davey Stevens. For how many years has Davey been there? Always with a smile to greet you home, always with a cheerful word of "God speed you!" when you leave at all seasons and in all weathers. Davey Stevens, "the Kingstown masher." A very great personage.

To go back to car-drivers. I remember one winter night I crossed the Irish Sea in 1915, and went on from Kingstown to Westland Row in the train, where I got on a car in the dawn to drive to the Friendly Brother House.

Rain was coming down in torrents, the wind was whistling, and the water was running down my neck, when I discovered that the driver was talking to me, or to himself, I couldn't say which, so I moved my head a bit closer to listen. On and on he mumbled. I could only catch stray sentences. "Aye, it's true, I'm told, not a civil word to be got out of him. Old 'One o'Clock' himself can't get one —no—nor his own family neither. He's got that snappy —and it's pains in his head he complains of—aye—maybe he has—and well he deserves them. But I am wishing and waiting for the day when he will have a pain in his heart as well." After a time it came to me what he was at. He took me for a Sassenach, and was saying words to please me about poor William II. of Germany, so that I should give him a decent "tip." So said I in my best Dublin accent, "It's a terrible thing to listen to a man the like of yourself saying cruel things, the like of what you have been saying, against any poor human creature." He jumped round on the car and exclaimed, "Damn it, sor, I'm sorry. I never thought you were Irish at all. It's a soft morning, sor, isn't it?" And we drove on in silence.

Hotels and restaurants in Dublin are very varied, and only a few have any interest. Of course there was "Brave Morrison's" Hotel in Nassau Street, the Brazen Head off the quays, Davey Byrne's pub off Grafton Street, and The



MADAME ANNA PAVLOVA AND
M. THEODORE STIER IN JAMMET'S.

Empire, where Pat Kinsella's music hall once was. And the Nugents' Dolphin, and Corless's Oyster Bar, which is now Jammet's, where the food is double as good as in any other place in the city. Wonderful times have I had there, in the corner under the "Snow Lady" on the wall, "If Winter Comes." What memories the place calls up—Oliver Gogarty, Sinclair, Professor Tyrell, Anna Pavlova, *Kümmel frappés*, and an endless stream of whisky and sodas!

I can feel myself gloating now on those memories. Interesting people were to be seen there. John Redmond used to go a lot, George Wyndham and Mr Birrell, Sir Anthony MacDonald and E. P. Alabaster, and all the lovely ladies of Dublin, Meath, and Kildare; and during Horse Show Week there would be a few from Leicester Square, or even maybe one or two from Montmartre; in fact, inside Jammet's you saw most of what was to be seen in Dublin.

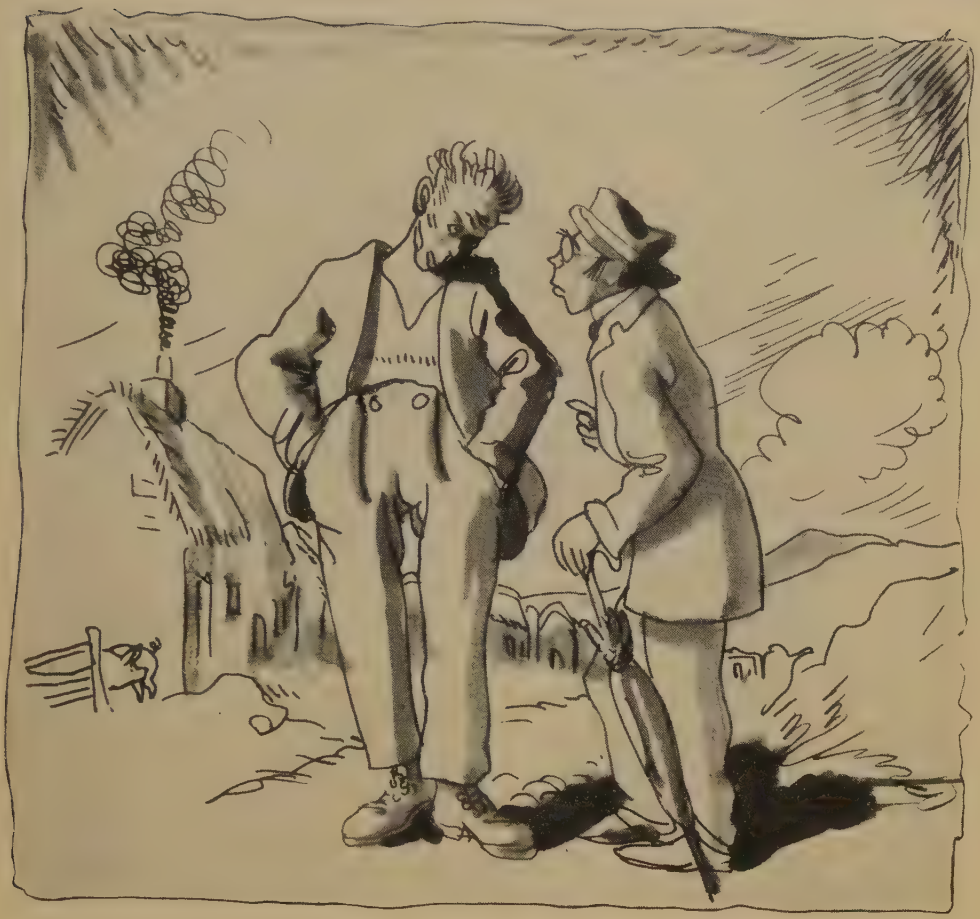
A man who used to live long ago at the butt of the Three Rock Mountain told me a good story lately, which was told to him by a friend, a priest of some little village in Co. Cavan. The priest told him that the chief worry of his flock was a man called Mike. If a man got his jaw broken, who did it? Mike! If a young girl looked moody and sad, why was it? Love of Mike! If there was a drunken brawl, who was the worst? Mike! In fact,

everything in the village that went wrong, it was surely Mike who was at the bottom of it.

One afternoon the priest was walking down the village street and he met Mike, who, instead of trying to avoid him, as was usual, came over, touched his hat, and said, "I beg your pardon, Your Reverence, but would you kindly be telling me what gives one sciatica?" "Is it sciatica, Mike?" said the priest. "Sure, that's a terrible awful disease, and it comes from drink, and running after the girls, and all sorts of divilment. Are you bad with it, Mike?" "Oh, indeed, no, Your Reverence," said Mike. "I've got no terrible awful disease the like of that." "Then what are you asking me for?" said the priest. "Ah, well," said Mike, "I've been reading the papers, and in them I see that the Holy Father in Rome is very bad with it!"

For five or six years before the war I used to go to Dublin and teach in the school for a fortnight, twice a term. They kindly allowed me to keep a studio of my own there, and I just went on with my work each time where I had left off the last visit. The school was really turning out good work, and there was a lot of promising youth—James Slater, John Keating, Miss Crilly, Miss Fox, Miss O'Kelly, and young Whelan and Touey, all with talent, and all (or mostly all) working like blacks; it was rather like a happy working family.

The old "red tape" of the place was completely



P. 78. MIKE AND THE PRIEST.

broken. When I entered the school in 1889, and indeed for years afterwards, one was not allowed to speak in a classroom! That awful, depressing notice, "Silence is Requested," stared one in the face from every wall, and all the time one was bursting to ask a question of a fellow-student. The doors of the classrooms were kept shut, and if you left the room for "any old thing" and met a teacher, male or female, you had to explain your reasons. A truly absurd state of affairs.

But in my time it was different. I don't think any of the students cared a damn about the authority of any teacher. And for my part, I did not give a damn about any students who did not work, using all their energy. And this plan worked fine.

What I mean by being a family, perhaps the following may illustrate. One day at the end of work I went to wash my hands, and found the basins all occupied by students—boys and girls washing their brushes (one of the attendants washed mine). They were all laughing and joking at me for my Sassenach ideas of always washing my hands, and so on, when in came the head attendant, Dick Boucher, whom I had known from the age of thirteen. He listened to all this talk, looking at me the while, and I said, "Dick, shouldn't I show my authority, and get angry and punish these impertinent students?" "Aye, Master William," said Dick, "I'm told that even a worm

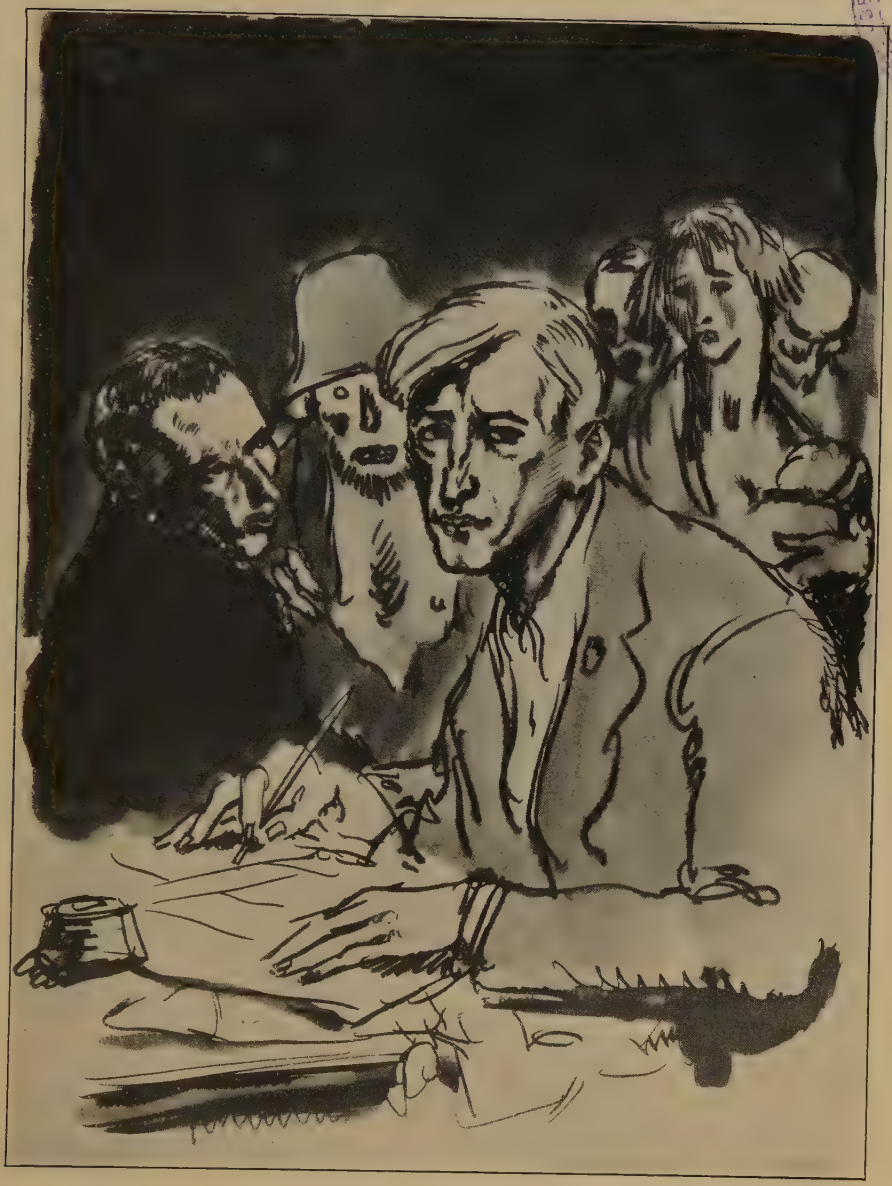
will turn sometimes." After that I retired with dirty hands.

Dick Boucher was out in Salonica during the war, and he is now head attendant in the museum. Miss Crilly is married and has children—half a dozen or so. Keating is also married and working in Dublin. Miss Fox has stopped painting. Slater is working in London. Miss O'Kelly is in India, I think. In fact, we are all spread about in a strange way. Perhaps we may all meet again in Dublin some day. I hope so anyway, for they were merry times. And, with luck, any day you ran the chance of seeing W. B. Y. in the streets, walking along with his head in the air, his thoughts blinding him to the sight of you. What more could you want? Or perhaps you might see George Moore nosing round in an antique shop. Moore had a great time once when Naylor, who had a shop in Nassau Street, produced a "Gainsborough." Moore brought all his friends to see "Naylor's Gainsborough." He even brought me. Young Naylor produced the masterpiece for us to see. There it was, a most terrible awful picture of a lady in a straw hat with blue ribbons and a white dress, painted about ten years before! I was speechless, as Moore had not explained that bringing people to see "Naylor's Gainsborough" was one of his afternoon pastimes, as he did not like the Naylors. At last young Naylor said to me, in rather a nasty tone, I thought,

"Well, why can't you say what you think of it?" "Is it signed?" I asked meekly. "Is it signed?" he roared in a fury. "You damned fool, isn't it signed all over?" I believe it went to "the back of the bank" (Dublin's great pawnshop) later, and the only advance they could get on the "Gainsborough" was ten shillings! And I am not so sure "the back of the bank" did not value it too high!

CHAPTER X

JIM LARKIN suddenly appeared in Dublin. No matter how much people may think that Jim has jumped off the deep end since, in those days, in all truth I must admit, to me he seemed a most godly, honest, straightforward man. I used to go down to the dirt and filth of Liberty Hall (since destroyed during the Rebellion by shells and fire) and sit in his office in the afternoons just for the interest of watching the man. He was always sincere, always modest, always thinking of others, during those terrible strike times when he was out against "graft," drink, and starvation in the city. The poverty in Dublin during that time of riots and strikes was terrible, and the basements of Liberty Hall were used as soup kitchens. I remember a few little things that may show some reason for my admiration for this man. On a certain Saturday afternoon I was with him. A letter had come in saying that the Roman Catholic Archbishop was going to speak against him from the pulpit on Sunday morning. About 4.30 up came a man and said a priest from some village near Dundalk insisted on seeing him. "Show him up," said Jim. In came a very excited priest.



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LARKIN AT WORK IN LIBERTY HALL.

"Well," said Jim, "what is it all about?" "About!" he shouted. "I hear they are going to speak against you from the pulpit to-morrow, and that your people are going to have a procession through the city. I want you to let me lead them. You are the Saviour of Dublin." Jim rang his bell. A man came in. He muttered something to him and the man departed. Jim lit a cigar slowly and said, "I thank you from my heart for your goodwill, and what you wish to do for me, but I cannot allow you to do it. Now, will you really trust me and do what I tell you?" "Surely," said the priest. "Then," said Jim, "you are to go back to your village at once and carry on your duties there, and forget that you ever came to Liberty Hall." Then turning to one of the clerks he said, "Show His Reverence downstairs. There is a cab waiting at the door. Take him to Amiens Street Station and see him off in the train to Dundalk." Then turning to the priest he said, "Good-bye, Father. This is the best thing you can do for me and for yourself. Pray for me." And out went the poor priest in tears, with his head bowed. One of the next visitors that afternoon was a high prelate of the Church. He thundered at Jim. Did he not realise that on the morrow he was going to be spoken against from the pulpit; that "the Church" had ordered him not to hold his meeting on that Sunday afternoon in the Phœnix Park; that if he did he was defying the Church? So he railed on at him for a

long time, his arms flying about, and occasionally thrusting his forefinger close to Jim's face. All this time Larkin was sitting back in his chair puffing his cigar, with his clear eyes fixed on the prelate. Not a move did he make. When the prelate's outburst ceased from want of breath, Jim got slowly out of his chair and said very gently, "Pray God, Holy Father, that when you rise to-morrow morning you will be able to say your prayers to your God with the same peace of mind that I will say mine." And turning to one of his men he said, "Show the Holy Father the way out." And he departed amid great silence. And Jim continued his work and his cigar.

As I stated, there was great poverty in Dublin during these strikes, much starvation and many deaths, especially amongst the children. One of Jim's plans was to get these starving children out of the city to whoever would take and keep them. He, indeed, got a lot sent to England; and here his enemies pulled all their strings against him. The anti-Larkin newspapers were full of it. "Larkin sends Dublin children to England. The Sassenach influence will destroy them. It is an anti-Irish act." And so on. It is strange, but something like this always used to crop up in Ireland at such times against all who were really trying to do things for the good of the people. Sometimes we can explain the cause, sometimes not. Parnell fell in love. Who can blame him for that? Hugh Lane tried to

get rid of pictures he could not sell. An abominable lie! John Synge wrote a criminal play against the morals of his own countrymen and countrywomen. What stupidity! In Horace Plunkett his countrymen refused to believe. No one knows why in his case, unless perhaps he was born too well-off, and worked for nothing. Even that great man, Douglas Hyde, who perhaps did more for Ireland than any living man, seems nearly forgotten. And as to the poor English politicians who were broken by being given office in Ireland, their names are too numerous to mention. And so they got at Jim Larkin and his idea of saving the children from starvation!

One afternoon Professor Sheehy Skeffington was to take two children to the Kingsbridge Station and hand them over to Lady X., who was going to keep them at her place in Meath. The professor did not turn up in time, and Larkin said, "Orpen, would you be good enough to take them?" "Certainly," said I, and went off downstairs with the two poor little things. About half-way down I met the professor hurrying up. "What are you doing with these children?" said he. I explained that as he was not there, Larkin had asked me to see them to Kingsbridge. "This is my business," said the professor, and held out his hand to the children, and went on downstairs. So I returned to Jim, told him what had happened, and took my place to watch and wonder at the strange things to

be seen in that dirty room, which was on the second story. But even there the air was pungent with the smell of the cauldrons of soup from the basement, and of the Dubliners who came with their bottles, tin cans, or any kind of utensil that would hold this hot, life-giving stuff. All day long lines of starving people waiting for their turn, very quiet and silent, no rough words or jostling; they were too weak for such things. It was a sad sight. Suddenly we heard great noises and loud words. The door burst open, and in came a lot of people with Sheehy Skeffington. He had nothing on except a blanket wrapped round him. When he was delivering the children to Lady X. at Kingsbridge, the anti-Larkinites attacked him and tore all his clothes off. I nearly got that!

Later, there was a lull of work in Jim's room, and he said to me, "I suppose you think I smoke too many cigars?" "You do smoke a lot," said I. "Well," said he, "it's like this. I am up before the Court on Monday. They are sure to give me at least six months, and not a smoke will I get in prison all that time, so you must forgive me if I'm overdoing it a bit now. I'm making up for lost time—ahead." That night Sinclair and I asked him to come out and have something to eat, and go to the Tivoli Music Hall. "Ah, no," said Jim. "Sure, you're asking for trouble to go out with me. There would be sure to be hell, for or against me, if I showed my face at the Tivoli. Go and enjoy

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THE SOUP KITCHEN IN LIBERTY HALL.

yourselves, and I'll go back home and have a good long sleep in my own comfortable bed, for I'm told the beds in Kilmainham Jail are not too comfortable at all." And that was the last I ever saw of Jim Larkin, but I have never forgotten him.

Poor Sheehy Skeffington was shot by mistake by an English soldier while he was putting up notices on the walls down the quays during the Rebellion. The soldier thought they were of a rebel character, but it was found out afterwards that they were appealing to the citizens of Dublin to refrain from "looting."

What a tragic end for a noble and courageous Irish gentleman!

The looting during the Rebellion was bad enough. I remember a story of one old lady who had cleared out about forty pairs of boots from a shop in Grafton Street. She had them all in a sack, and she was sitting on the curb by the side of the street having a rest, when up came two lads, who relieved her of the boots and ran off with them. Later on an English soldier came up Grafton Street and found the old lady still sitting on the curb and sobbing. Said he, "Cheer up, madam, and stop crying. Is there anything I can do for you?" "Indeed there is not," said she. "Hadn't I worked hard collecting the boots out of the shop behind me, then when I was sitting here taking a well-earned rest, up come two young scamps and steals

them from me in front of me very eyes! Young blackguards! It's cruel times we're having in Ireland now."

To show the state Dublin was in during the Larkin times, of strikes, riots, and starvation, the following incident may give an idea.

A "Peace Committee" was formed to try to bring the opposing parties together, and meetings used to be held in the Mansion House. One night the meeting was delayed a bit, because the chairman, Professor Kettle, was late. In the end he came in, staggered to his chair, and said to the secretary, "Please read the minutes of the last meeting." But by this time Dr Mahaffy and most of the others had risen to their feet, for Kettle was covered with blood, and the papers and things before him were all being destroyed. He was then quickly taken off to hospital. Later he explained, that as he was coming down Ann Street to the meeting he heard a policeman using very bad language to a woman, so he expostulated with him, and the metropolitan policeman turned on him, and when he came to his senses again the street was empty, so he staggered into the Mansion House, as it was the nearest place he knew.

Professor Kettle was a brilliant man, and was, alas! afterwards killed on the Western Front in France.

P. 88. A WESTERN WEDDING.

CHAPTER XI

THERE once was a builder in Dublin who had his yard down along the quays. He was an Irishman down to his heels, and he was all against the English Government —in fact, he even went so far as to hate the Dublin Corporation itself, and was always devising means to do it out of its rightful rates and taxes. The drains from all the houses along the Liffey used to empty themselves into the river—that is, unless they got blocked. There was a Corporation inspector man whose job it was to walk up and down, and if he found a "block" he sent men round to clear it, and the owner of the property was fined.

One fine morning the yard at the back of this builder's place was found to be two or three inches under water, and it was rising slowly as well. The builder man saw a large, fat fine staring him in the face, so he pulled himself together and had a think. Suddenly he called up one of his workmen and said, "Do you think you could find Bill?" "Of course I can," said the workman. "Sure, he must be in one of three places—O'Donahue's, Byrne's,

or O'Kelly's. Shall I run out and fetch him for you, sor ? " " Aye, be hasty, and tell Bill there's money to be made." Presently Bill was brought back, and says the builder to him, " Are you out of a job, Bill ? " " I am, sor," says Bill. " Well," says the builder, " I'm prepared to give you ten shillings if you will do a little job for me here this morning. Do you agree ? " " I do rightly," said Bill. " You're a good fellow," said the builder. " I knew if I asked you you wouldn't let me down. See here now. Something has made an obstruction in the drain. All I want you to do is to remove it." " I'm ready," said Bill. " Sure, that's an easy way of making ten bob." So they tied a rope round Bill under the armpits, and put a pickaxe in his hands. Then they went to the front of the house and watched and waited for the Corporation official to pass on his beat, and when he had done so, they rushed Bill across the quay, lowered him down the Liffey wall till he got to the entrance of the drain. Up this Bill disappeared. All was silence for about ten minutes, then a deluge came out of the drain, and Bill's end of the rope swirled into mid-stream. But the builder and his men held on bravely and they hauled Bill to land. When Bill came to, he told them how he did the job. " When I got about twenty foot up the drain, sor, I met with a fearful terrible obstruction, so I got my pick at it, and I was working away, when suddenly there was a b—— awful rush,

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YOUNG IRELAND:
THE FAIRY RING.

and that's all I remember, until I woke up with yourself pouring the whisky down my throat."

Later, the builder was telling this story to a friend. When he was finished the friend said, "Well, you got off cheap with ten shillings. If the Corporation inspector had spotted that drain you would have been fined five pounds." "Oh, go away with you and your cheap," growled the builder. "What with the hospital and one thing and another, it cost me nearly ten pounds before I got Bill off me hands." But of course that was thirty years ago. A nice half-pint of Liffey water nowadays wouldn't do you any more harm than a glass of stout.

Did you ever go to the Theatre Royal and see Miss Morissey? Of all the wonderful, glorious things it has been my lot to see in the nature of womanhood, she was the most wonderful and glorious of all. Miss Morissey's place was behind the bar, and the crowd was so thick around that bar it was difficult to get a sight of her. You just had to wait your turn patiently, and after a bit you would get to the bar, and if you were lucky have a few words, and perhaps a "baby Power." All the young (and old) "nuts" of Dublin were in love with Miss Morissey, but I don't think they ever got more from her than a smile from behind the bar.

She very kindly came and sat to me at the School of Art, but I could make nothing of her at all. She seemed

a different person altogether in the school from what she was when "Queen of the Royal Bar."

After a bit I gave up the picture I was trying to do, but I gave her a sketch which I did of her head. Some years later I got a telegram in London from her asking if I could sell this sketch for her. I was hurt. If she did not want the thing, why not get rid of it without hurting me by telling me? However, I wrote and got one of my brothers to buy it, and had the money sent to her.

When I went to Dublin the next time I found out the truth of the whole affair. Poor Miss Morissey had consumption, and got so ill she had to give up her job at the Theatre Royal. She gradually got worse and could not get out of bed, and lay all alone in her little room at Rathgar till her last penny was gone; then, as she was too weak to write, she got the telegram sent to me about the picture, and she died about a fortnight afterwards.

I never knew she was ill, though looking back now I can remember bathing-parties which I and Sinclair used to give on summer evenings at the Silver Sands, Portmarnock. A couple of car-loads of us used to go out, and sometimes Miss Morissey came; but I never remember her bathing, running about, or playing games, but always sitting very quietly watching us. I suppose even then she was not very strong, though she looked in perfect health.

Just before the World War Madame Anna Pavlova came

MEMORIES OF PAVLOVA'S VISIT TO DUBLIN.

to Dublin and danced for a few nights, and there was great excitement in the town. We had some charming meals at Jammet's, and at nights I had a box and a few friends to see the dancing.

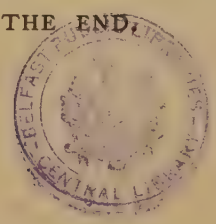
"When Anna smiled and sweetly bowed,
Till 'Orp' was envied by the crowd."

Oh, yes, it was a big week in Dublin, but Anna did not get off lightly. The critics in Dublin were determined to show that they knew far more about dancing than those of London, Paris, or New York, not to mention Berlin, who just ladled her out praise without question. But "Anna smiled" or sweetly laughed, and took it all as a good joke. Then I got into serious trouble. One night there was a supper given (ginger ale and sandwiches, at which most of the "intellectuals" were present). We all sat round on very uncomfortable chairs while an Irish poet, whose hair was always falling in his eyes, gave a discourse on dancing, rhythm, Pavlova's good points and bad, etc. The most terrible rubbish one could possibly imagine. After about forty minutes of it I could stand it no longer. I jumped to my feet, hurled out a few terrible expletives, and rushed out of the room. I can see now those blanched, ashen faces staring at me as I ran—faces shocked with horror, outraged. It was a terrible scene. Gee! What a fool I was! What a blunder! My

ignorance and stupidity in not understanding that everything he uttered was great was of course unforgivable. I shall never get over it. Before that I was regarded in Dublin as just an ordinary law-abiding little man ; but afterwards I was looked on as belonging to the criminally stupid class. One lives and learns. You would not catch me making a blunder like that now! No, sir, not on your life. But nowadays in Ireland all kinds of pettiness like this of mine is over and done with. Ireland is face to face now with the working out of her own destiny, and all little jealousies and trifles are being washed out. There is work for all, and no time for idle criticism.

A new era has come to the land. No longer is the shamrock put to shame by being trodden under foot. No longer are men and women hanged "for the wearing of the green." Now the shamrock has its place in the sun, and long may it remain there, green and verdant.

THE END.



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